Medical Quotations

From English Prose

John H. Lindsey, M.D.

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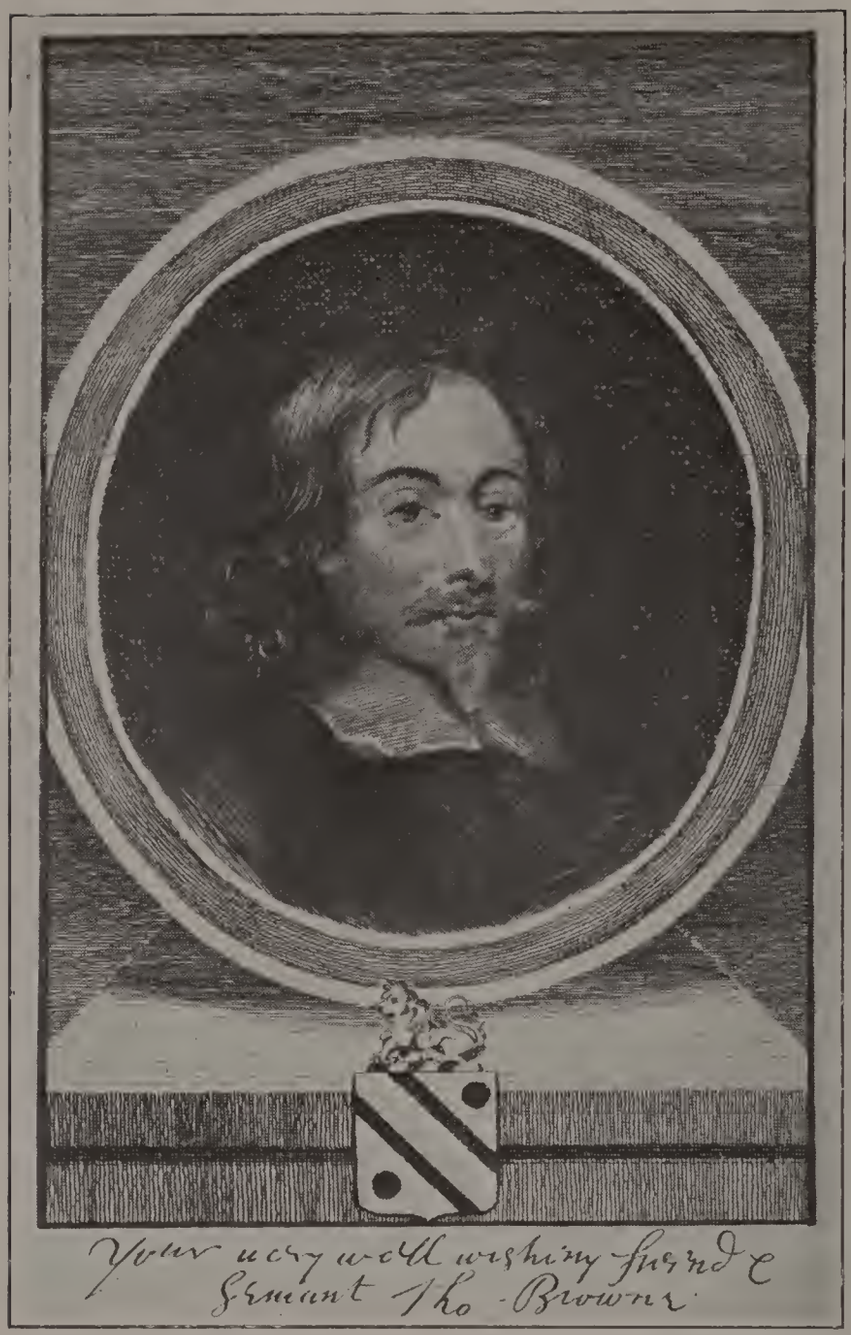
Medical Quotations

FROM ENGLISH PROSE

To
William Adams Slade
from
John H. Lindsey



1605–1682

Medical Quotations

FROM ENGLISH PROSE

JOHN H. LINDSEY, M. D.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

BOSTON
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Should learned leech with solemn air unfold
Thy leaves, beware, be civil, and be wise:
Thy volume many precepts sage may hold,
His well fraught head may find no trifling prize.

—Democritus Junior to His Book.

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SIR JOHN MANDEVILLE

THE Voyages and Adventures of Sir John Mandeville, written about the year 1350, is said to be the first prose story-book in the formed English language and Sir John shares with King Alfred the title of Father of English Prose.

Sir John Mandeville is reported to have been born in 1300 at St. Albans, Hertfordshire, and to have been a physician.

Some doubt has been cast upon the existence of Sir John Mandeville in the flesh. The story of the marvelous voyages has been attributed to Jean de Bourgogne, a physician, who died at Liege in 1372 and a translation into English is reported of the late fourteenth or of the fifteenth century.

It has been suggested, also, that the work was compiled from the writings of William of Boldencele, Oderic of Pordenone and Vincent de Beauvais.

The question whether Sir John Mandeville was himself or was a myth need not influence to a very great extent the enjoyment to be obtained from the rich style and vigorous imagination displayed in the book.

The work contains comments of medical interest.

WHEN Men pain themselves to array the Body, to make it seem fairer than God made it, they do great Sin. For Man should not devise nor ask greater Beauty, than God hath ordained Man to be at his Birth.

FOR Gouts and Rheumatics, that distress me—those define the End of my Labour; against my Will, God knoweth!

AND they live full orderly, and so soberly in Meat and Drink, that they live right long. And the most Part of them die without Sickness, when Nature faileth them, for old Age.

SIR THOMAS MORE

1480-1535

SIR Thomas More was born in London, the son of Sir J. More, a judge. He was called to the bar in 1496 and entered Parliament in 1504. In 1529 he became Lord Chancellor of England.

Acknowledgment of the authority of the Pope involved the displeasure of Henry VIII and More was beheaded. He was beatified in 1886.

More's *Utopia* was published in Latin in 1516 and in English in 1551.

Raphe Robynson, the translator of *Utopia*, writes as follows: "I toke upon me to tourne, and translate oute of Latine into oure Englishe tonge the frutefull and profitable boke, which sir Thomas More knite compiled, and made of the new yle Utopia, conteining and setting forth the best state and fourme of a publique weale."

SIR THOMAS MORE

1478—1535

HE is a folyshe phisition, that cannot cure his patientes disease, onles he caste him in an other syckenes.

—*Utopia*

YEA, and whyles you goe aboute to doe youre cure of one parte, you shall make bygger the sore of an other parte, so the healpe of one causeth anothers harme.

—*Utopia*

SICKE bodies that be desperat and past cure, be wont with continual good cherissing to be kept and botched up for a time.

—*Utopia*

STURDY and valiaunte beggars, clokinge their idle lyfe under the coloure of some disease or sickenes.

—*Utopia*

BUT first and chieflie of all, respecte is had to the sycke, that be cured in the hospitalles . . . These hospitalles be so wel appointed, and with al thinges necessary to health so furnished, and more over so diligent attendaunce through the continual presence of cunning phisitians is given, that though no man be sent thether against his will, yet notwithstandinge there is no sicke persone in al the citie, that had not rather lye there, then at home in his owne house. When the stewarde of the sicke hath received suche meates as the phisitians have prescribed, then the beste is equallye devided among the halles.

—*Utopia*

EVERY mother is nource to her owne childe, onles either death, or sycknes be the let.

—*Utopia*

THEIR diners be verie short: but their suppers be sumwhat longer, because that after dyner foloweth laboure, after supper slepe and natural reste. whiche they thinke to be of more strength and efficacie to wholsome and healthfull digestion. No supper is passed without musicke. Nor their bankettes lacke no conceytes nor jonketes.

—*Utopia*

FOR what naturall or trewe pleasure dost thou take of an other mans bare hede, or bowed knees? Will this ease the paine of thy knees, or remedie the phrensie of thy hede?

—*Utopia*

THE pleasure of the bodye they divide into ii. partes. The first is when delectation is sensibly felt and perceaved. . . . The seconde parte of bodely pleasure, they say, is that which consisteth and resteth in the quiete, and upryghte state of the bodye.

—*Utopia*

AND that trewlye is everye mannes owne propre healthe entermingled and disturbed with no griefe. For this, yf it be not letted nor assaulted with no greif, is delectable of it selfe, thoughe it be moved with no externall or outwarde pleasure. For though it be not so plain and manyfeste to the sense, as the gredye luste of eatynge and drynkynge, yet neverthelesse manye take it for the chiefeste pleasure. All the Utopians graunt it to be a right sovereigne pleasure, and as you woulde saye the foundation and grounde of all pleasures, as whiche even alone is hable to make the state and condition of life delectable and pleasaunt. And it beyng once taken awaye, there is no place lefte for any pleasure. For to be without greife not havinge health, that they call unsensibilitie, and not pleasure.

—*Utopia*

FOR where it is said, healthe can not be felt: this, they thinke, is nothing trew. For what man wakyng, saye they, feleth not himself in health: but he that is not?

—*Utopia*

FOR seynge that in sycknesse (saye they) is greiffe, whiche is a mortal enemie to pleasure, even as sicknes is to health, why should not then pleasure be in the quietnes of health? For they say it maketh nothing to this matter, whether you saye that sycknesse is a griefe, or that in sickenes is griefe, for all commethe to one purpose. For whether health be a pleasure it selfe, or a necessary cause of pleasure, as fier is of heate, truelye bothe wayes it foloweth, that they cannot be withoute pleasure, that be in perfect helth.

—*Utopia*

THE Utopians have long rejected and condempned the opinion of them, whiche sayde that stedfaste and quiete healthe . . . oughte not therfore to be counted a pleasure, bycause they saye it can not be presentlye and sensiblye perceaved and felte by some outwarde motion. But of the contrarie parte nowe they agree almooste all in this, that healthe is a moost soveraigne pleasure.

—*Utopia*

FURTHERMORE whiles we eat (say they) then healthe, which beganne to be appayred, fighteth by the helpe of foode againste hunger. In the which fight, whiles health by litle and litle getteth the upper hande, that same procedyng, and (as ye would say) that onwardnes to the wonte strength ministreth that pleasure, wherby we be so refreshed. Health therfore, whiche in the conflict is joyefull, shall it not be mery, when it hath gootten the victorie? But as soone as it hathe recovered the pristinate strength, which thing onely in all the fight it coveted, shal it incontinent be astonied? Nor shal it not know nor imbrace the owne wealthe and goodnes?

—*Utopia*

OF THESE pleasures that the body ministreth, they geve the preeminence to helth. For the delite of eating and drinking, and whatsoever hath any like pleasauntnes, they determyne to be pleasures muche to be desired, but no other wayes than for healthes sake. For suche thinges of their own proper nature be not so pleasaunt, but in that they resiste sickenesse privelie stealing on.

—*Utopia*

IS THERE anye man so possessed with stonishe insensibilitie, or with lethargie, that is to say, the sleping sicknes, that he will not graunt healthe to be acceptable to him, and delectable?

—*Utopia*

THEREFORE like as it is a wise mans part, rather to avoid sicknes, then to wish for medicines, and rather to drive away and put to flight careful griefes, then to call for comfort: so it is muche better not to neade this kinde of pleasure, then thereby to be eased of the contrarie griefe.

—*Utopia*

FOR they judge it a great poynt of crueltie, that anye body in their moste nede of helpe and comforte, should be caste of and forsaken, and that olde age, whych both bringeth sicknes with it, and is a syckenes it selfe, should unkindly and unfaythfullye be delte withall.

—*Utopia*

FOR thoughe there be almost no nation under heaven that hath lesse nede of Phisicke then they, yet this notwithstandyng, Phisicke is no where in greater honour. Bycause they counte the knowledge of it among the goodlyeste and most profytable partes of Philosophie. For whyles they by the helpe of this Philosophie searche oute the secrete mysteryes of nature, they thinke themselfes to receave therby not onlye wonderfull greate pleasure, but also to obteine great thankes and favour of the autour and maker therof.

—*Utopia*

THE sycke (as I sayde) they see to with great affection, and lette nothing at al passe concerning either Physicke or good diete, whereby they may be restored againe to their health.

—*Utopia*

FOR al they beleve certeinly and sewerly that mans blesse shal be so great, that they do mourne and lament every mans sicknes, but no mans death, oneles it be one whome they see depart from his life carefullie, and agaynst his will.

—*Utopia*

ALL that departe merely and ful of good hope, for them no man mourneth, but followeth the heerse with joyfull synging, commending the soules to God with great affection. And at the last, not with mourning sorrow, but with a great reverence they bourne the bodies. And in the same place they sette up a piller of stone, with the dead mans titles therin graved. When they be come home they reherse his vertuous manners and his good dedes. But no part of his life is so oft or gladly talked of as his meri deth.

—*Utopia*

FRANCIS BACON

1561-1626

FRANCIS BACON, born in London, was the son of Sir Nicholas Bacon, Lord Keeper of the Seals.

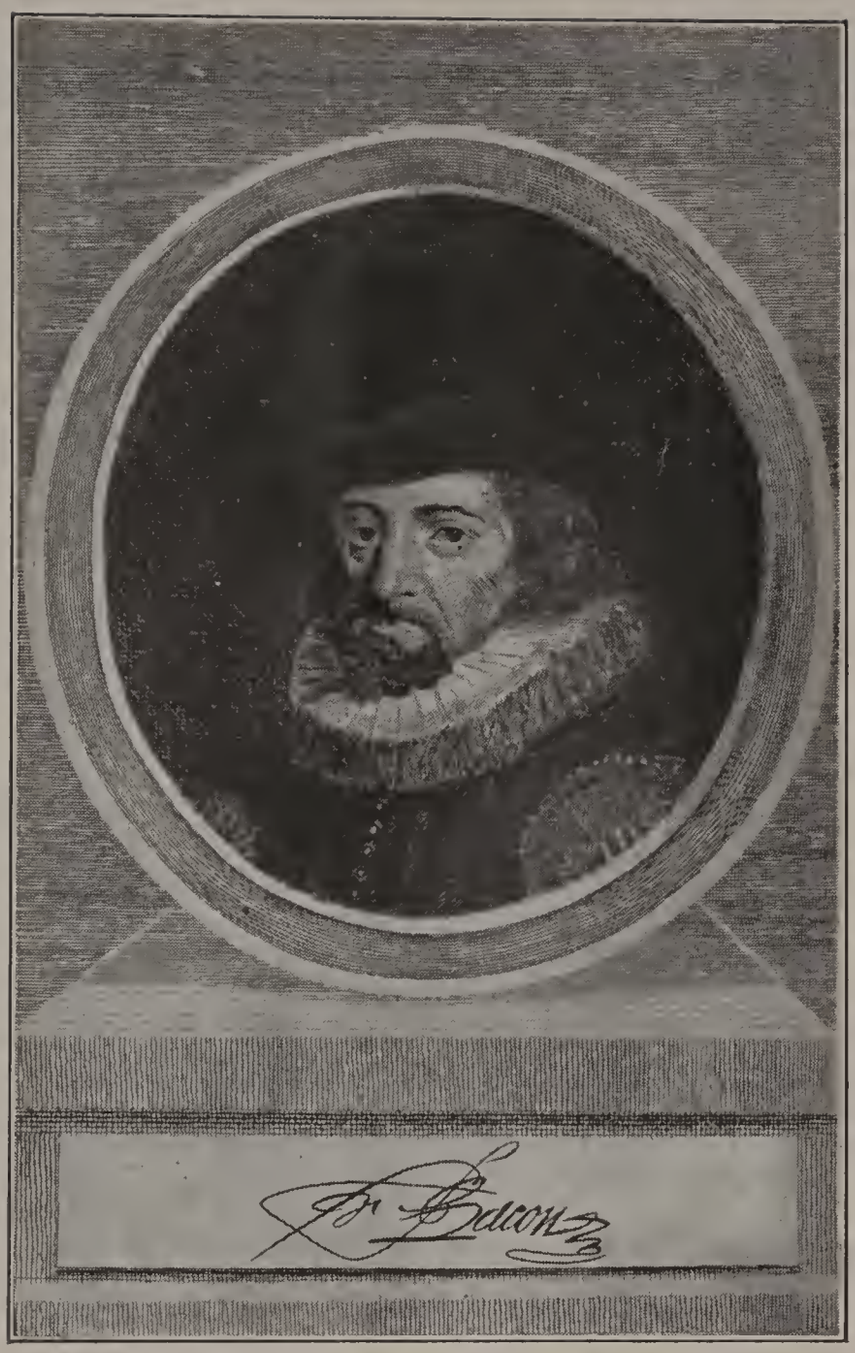
He studied at the University of Cambridge and became a lawyer. In 1617 he was made Lord Keeper and later became Lord Chancellor. The titles of Baron Verulam and of Viscount St. Albans were given him.

He was accused of accepting bribes, and although three appears some reason to believe that he had not really been unconscientious, he was fined and sentenced to prison. The fine was re moved and he was freed after two days and was pensioned.

Bacon wrote in the field of philosophy and science. Many of his works are written in Latin. Prominent among his English writings are his Essays which are said to be the first of that title in the English language. In being essentially collections of aphorisms the Essays differ in form from recent writings of that name.

Bacon kept a so-called Promus or Common-place-Book in which he recorded thoughts that occurred to him or passages that he read.

The comments in this Promus Book he called "salt-pits, that you may extract salt out of, and sprinkle as you will."



1561—1626

IT IS as Naturall to die, as to be borne; and to a little Infant, perhaps, the one, is as painfull, as the other.

—*Essaye of Death*

HE THAT dies in an earnest Pursuit, is like one that is wounded in hot Bloud; who, for the time, scarce feeles the Hurt; And therefore, a Minde fixt, and bent upon somewhat, that is good, doth avert the Dolors of *Death*: But above all, beleeve it, the sweetest Canticle is, *Nunc Dimittis;* when a Man hath obtained worthy Ends, and Expectations. *Death* hath this also; That it openeth the Gate, to good Fame, and extinguisheth Envie.

—*Essaye of Death*

NAY, retire Men cannot, when they would; neither will they, when it were Reason: But are impatient of privatenesse, even in Age, and Sicknesse, which require the Shadow.

—*Essaye of Great Place*

THIS *Envy*, being in the Latine word *Invidia*, goeth in the Moderne languages, by the name of *Discontentment*: of which we shall speake in handling *Sedition*. It is a disease, in a State, like to Infection. For as Infection, spreadeth upon that, which is sound, and tainteth it; So when *Envy* is gotten once into a State, it traduceth even the best Actions thereof, and turneth them into an ill Odour.

—*Essaye of Envy*

INFECTIONS; which if you feare them, you call them upon you.

—*Essaye of Envy*

CERTAINLY, Men in Great Fortunes, are strangers to themselves, and while they are in the pusle of businesse, they have no time to tend their Health, either of Body, or Minde.

—*Essaye of Great Place*

SURELY, as there are *Mountebanques* for the Naturall Body: So are there *Mountebanques* for the Politique Body: Men that undertake great Cures; And perhaps have been Lucky, in two or three Experiments, but want the Grounds of Science; And therfore cannot hold out. Nay you shall see a *Bold Fellow,* many times, doe *Mahomets Miracle.* . . . So these men, when they have promised great Matters, and failed most shamefully, (yet if they have the perfection of *Boldnesse*) they will but slight it over, and make a turne, and no more adoe.

—*Essaye of Boldnesse*

FOR the Rebellions of the Belly are the worst. As for *Discontentments,* they are in the Politique Body, like to Humours in the Naturall, which are apt to gather a preternaturall Heat, and to enflame.

—*Essaye of Seditions and Troubles*

FOR the *Remedies:* There may be some generall Preservatives, whereof wee will speake; As for the just Cure, it must answer to the Particular Disease: And so be left to Counsell, rather then Rule.

—*Essaye of Seditions and Troubles*

FOR he that turneth the Humors backe, and maketh the Wound bleed inwards, endangereth maligne Ulcers, and pernicious Impostumations.

—*Essaye of Seditions and Troubles*

OR else the Remedie, is worse than the Disease.

—*Essaye of Seditions and Troubles*

BUT the great *Atheists,* indeed, are *Hypocrites;* which are ever Handling Holy Things, but without Feeling. So as they must needs be cauterized in the End.

—*Essaye of Atheisme*

THEREFORE, Care would be had, that (as it fareth in ill Purgings) the Good be not taken away, with the Bad; which commonly is done, when the People is the Reformer.

—*Essaye of Superstition*

FOR their *Merchants;* They are *Vena Porta;* And if they flourish not, a Kingdome may have good Limmes, but will have empty Veines, and nourish little.

—*Essaye of Empire*

FOR if a Man watch too long, it is odds he will fall asleepe.

—*Essaye of Delayes*

AS the Births of Living Creatures, at first, are ill shapen: So are all *Innovations,* which are the Births of Time.

—*Essaye of Innovations*

SURELY every *Medicine* is an *Innovation;* And he that will not apply New Remedies, must expect New Evils.

—*Essaye of Innovations*

AFFECTED *Dispatch,* is one of the most dangerous things to Businesse that can be. It is like that, which the Physicians call *Predigestion,* or *Hasty Digestion;* which is sure to fill the Body, full of Crudities, and secret Seeds of Diseases.

—*Essaye of Dispatch*

FOR Pre-occupation of Minde, ever requireth preface of Speech; Like a Fomentation to make the unguent enter.

—*Essaye of Dispatch*

A PRINCIPALL *Fruit* of *Friendship,* is the Ease and Discharge of the Fulnesse and Swellings of the Heart, which Passions of all kinds doe cause and induce. We know Diseases of Stoppings, and Suffocations, are the most dangerous in the body; And it is not much otherwise in the Minde.

—*Essaye of Frendship*

YOU may take *Sarza* to open the Liver; *Steele* to open the Spleene; *Flowers* of *Sulphur* for the Lungs; *Castoreum* for the Braine; But no Receipt openeth the Heart, but a true *Frend;* To whom you may impart, Griefes, Joyes, Feares, Hopes, Suspicions, Counsels, and whatsoever lieth upon the Heart, to oppresse it, in a kind of Civill Shrift or Confession.

—*Essaye of Frendship*

FOR there is no Man, that imparteth his *Joyes* to his *Frend*, but he *joyeth* the more; And no Man, that imparteth his *Griefes* to his *Frend*, but hee *grieveth* the lesse. So that it is, in Truth of Operation upon a Mans Minds, of like vertue as the *Alchymists* use to attribute to their Stone, for Mans Bodie; That it worketh all Contrary Effects, but still to the Good, and Benefit of Nature.

—*Essaye of Frendship*

AND there is no such Remedy, against *Flattery* of a Mans Selfe, as the Liberty of a *Frend*.

—*Essaye of Frendship*

THE best Preservative to keepe the Minde in Healthe, is the faithfull Admonition of a *Frend*.

—*Essaye of Frendship*

THE Calling of a Mans Selfe, to a Strict Account, is a Medicine, sometime, too Piercing and Corrosive. Reading good Bookes of *Morality,* is a little Flat, and Dead. Observing our Faults in Others, is sometimes unproper for our Case. But the best Receipt (best (I say) to worke, and best to take) is the Admonition of a *Frend.*

—*Essaye of Frendship*

EVEN as if you would call a Physician, that is thought good, for the Cure of the Disease, you complaine of, but is unacquainted with your body; And therefore, may put you in way for a present Cure, but overthroweth your Health in some other kinde; And so cure the Disease, and kill the Patient.

—*Essaye of Frendship*

BUT Wounds cannot be Cured without Searching.

—*Essaye of Expence*

NO BODY can be healthfull without *Exercise,* neither Naturall Body, nor Politique: And certainly, to a Kingdome or Estate, a Just and Honourable Warre, is the true *Exercise.* A Civill Warre, indeed, is like the Heat of a Feaver; But a Forraine Warre, is like the Heat of *Exercise,* and serveth to keepe the Body in Health: For in a Slothfull Peace, both Courages will effeminate, and Manners Corrupt.

—Essaye of the true Greatnesse of Kingdomes and Estates

THERE is a wisdome in this, beyond the Rules of *Physicke:* A Mans owne Observation, what he findes Good of, and what he findes hurt of, is the best *Physicke* to preserve Health.

—Essaye of Regiment of Health

BUT it is a safer Conclusion to say; *This agreeth not well with me, therefore I will not continue it;* Then this; *I finde no offence of this, therefore I may use it.*

—Essaye of Regiment of Health

STRENGTH of Nature in youth, passeth over many Excesses, which are owing a Man till his Age.

—*Essaye of Regiment of Health*

DISCERNE of the Comming on of Yeares, and thinke not, to doe the same Things still; For Age will not be Defied.

—*Essaye of Regiment of Health*

BEWARE of sudden Change in any great point of Diet, and if necessity inforce it, fit the rest to it. For it is a Secret, both in Nature, and State; That it is safer to change Many Things, then one.

—*Essaye of Regiment of Health*

TO BE free minded, and cheerefully disposed, at Houres of Meat, and of Sleep, and of Exercise, is one of the best Precepts of Long lasting.

—*Essaye of Regiment of Health*

EXAMINE thy Customes, of Diet, Sleepe, Exercise, Apparell, and the like; And trie in any Thing, thou shalt judge hurtfull, to discontinue it by little and little; But so, as if thou doest finde any Inconvenience by the Change, thou come backe to it againe: For it is hard to distinguish, that which is generally held good, and wholesome, from that, which is good particularly, and fit for thine owne Body.

—*Essaye of Regiment of Health*

IF YOU flie Physicke in *Health* altogether, it will be too strange for your Body, when you shall need it. If you make it too familiar, it will work no Extraordinary Effect, when Sicknesse commeth.

—*Essaye of Regiment of Health*

I COMMEND rather, some Diet, for certaine Seasons, then frequent Use of *Physicke,* Except it be growen into a Custome. For Those Diets alter the Body more, and trouble it lesse.

—*Essaye of Regiment of Health*

DESPISE no new Accident, in your Body, but aske Opinion of it.

—*Essaye of Regiment of Health*

IN *Sicknesse,* respect *Health* principally; And in *Health, Action.* For those that put their Bodies, to endure in *Health,* may in most *Sicknesses,* which are not very sharpe, be cured onely with Diet, and Tendering.

—*Essaye of Regiment of Health*

CELSUS could never have spoken it as a *Physician,* had he not been a Wise Man withall; when he giveth it, for one of the great precepts of Health and Lasting; That a Man doe vary, and enterchange Contraries; But with an Inclination to the more benigne Extreme: Use Fasting, and full Eating, but rather full Eating; Watching and Sleep, but rather Sleep; Sitting, and Exercise, but rather Exercise; and the like. So shall Nature be cherished, and yet taught Masteries.

—*Essaye of Regiment of Health*

PHYSICIANS are some of them so pleasing, and conformable to the Humor of the Patient, as they presse not the true Cure of the Disease; And some other are so Regular, in proceeding according to Art, for the Disease, as they respect not sufficiently the Condition of the Patient. Take one of a Middle Temper; Or if it may not be found in one Man, combine two of either sort: And forget not to call, as well the best acquainted with your Body, as the best reputed of for his Faculty.

—Essaye of Regiment of Health

AMBITION is like *Choler;* Which is an Humour, that maketh Men Active, Earnest, Full of Alacritie, and Stirring, if it be not stopped. But if it be stopped, and cannot have his Way, it becommeth Adust, and thereby Maligne and Venomous.

—Essaye of Ambition

MERCHANDIZING; Which is the *Vena Porta* of Wealth in a State.

—Essaye of Usurie

YOUNG MEN, in the Conduct, and Mannage of Actions, . . . Use Extreme Remedies at first; And, that which doubleth all Errours, will not acknowledge or retract them; Like an unready Horse, that will neither Stop, nor Turne.

—*Essaye of Youth and Age*

AND certainly, the more a Man drinketh of the World, the more it intoxicateth.

—*Essaye of Youth and Age*

SOME *Bookes* are to be Tasted, Others to be Swallowed, and Some Few to be Chewed and Digested.

—*Essaye of Studies*

NAY there is no Stond or Impediment in the Wit, but may be wrought out by Fit *Studies:* Like as Diseases of the Body, may have Appropriate Exercises.

—*Essaye of Studies*

BOWLING is good for the Stone and Reines; Shooting for the Lungs and Breast; Gentle Walking for the Stomacke; Riding for the Head; And the like.

—*Essaye of Studies*

SO IF a Mans Wit be Wandring, let him *Study* the *Mathematicks;* For in Demonstrations, if his Wit be called away never so little, he must begin again: If his Wit be not Apt to distinguish or find differences, let him *Study* the *Schoole-men;* For they are *Cymini sectores.* If he be not Apt to beat over Matters, and to call up one Thing, to Prove and Illustrate another, let him *Study* the *Lawyers Cases:* So every Defect of the Minde, may have a Speciall Receit.

—*Essaye of Studies*

ENVY, which is the Canker of *Honour,* is best extinguished, by declaring a Mans Selfe, in his Ends, rather to seeke Merit, then Fame.

—*Essaye of Honor and Reputation*

SOME Men are *Praised* Maliciously to their Hurt, therby to stirre Envie and Jealousie towards them; *Pessimum genus Inimicorum laudantium;* In so much as it was a Proverb, amongst the *Grecians;* that, *He that was praised to his Hurt, should have a Push rise upon his Nose:* As we say; *That a Blister will rise upon ones Tongue, that tell's a lye.*

—*Essaye of Praise*

AND let no Man weakly conceive, that Just Laws, and True Policie, have any *Antipathie:* For they are like the Spirits, and Sinewes, that One moves with the Other.

—*Essaye of Judicature*

ANGER is certainly a kind of Basenesse: As it appeares well, in the Weaknesse of those Subjects, in whom it reignes: Children, Women, Old Folkes, Sicke Folkes.

—*Essaye of Anger*

THAT sick man does ill for himself, who makes his physician his heir.

—*Elegant Sentences*

ROBERT BURTON

1576—1636

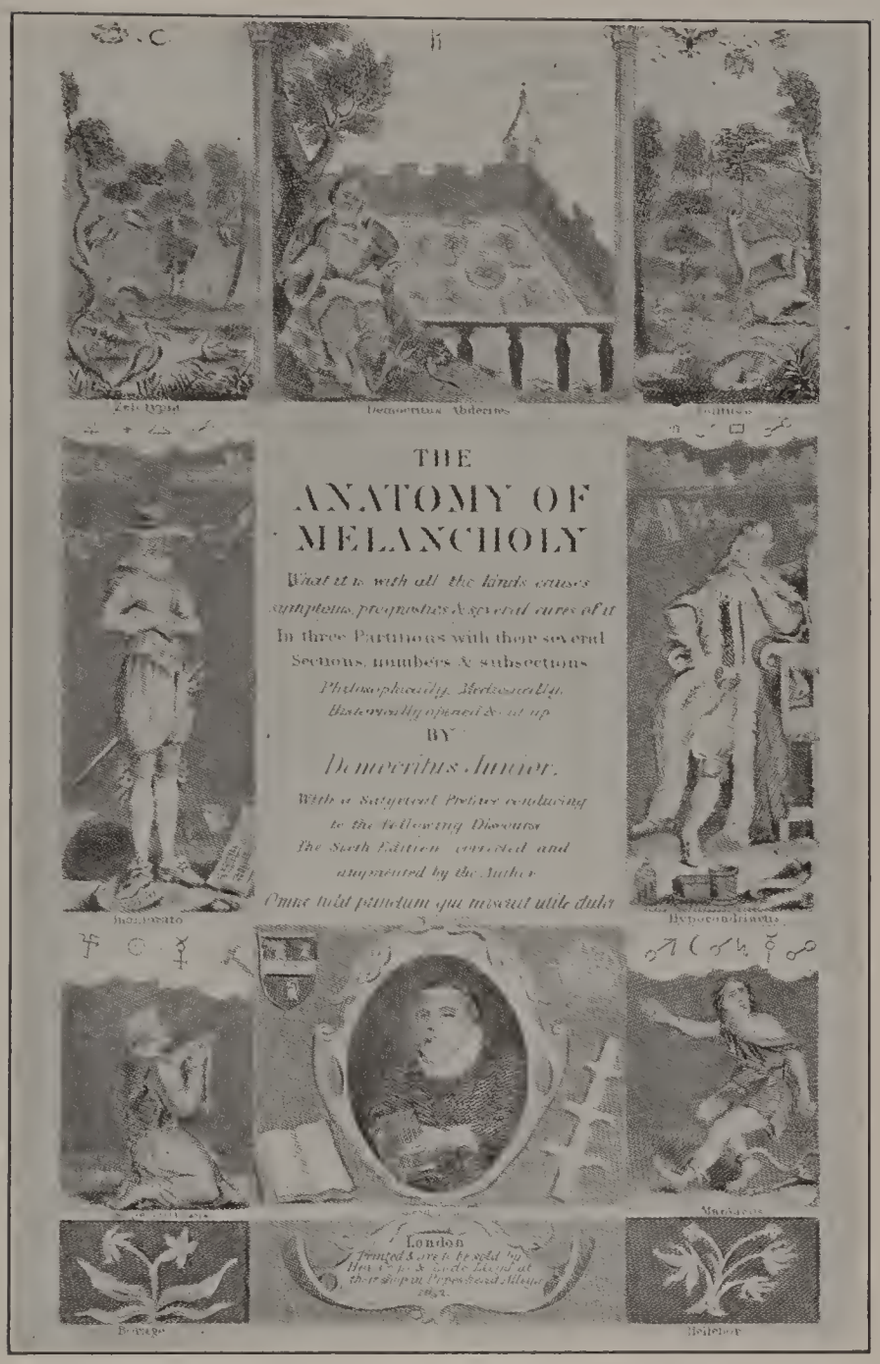
ROBERT BURTON was born at Lindley in Leicestershire. In 1593 he went to Brazen Nose College. In November, 1616, the vicarage of St. Thomas, in the west suburb of Oxford, was conferred upon him, and in 1636 he was given the rectory of Segrave in Leicestershire.

Burton is said to have determined, by means of calculation, that his death would occur in his sixty-second year. The event transpired in the predicted year.

He is reported to have written the Anatomy of Melancholy to relieve his own melancholy but with the result of making it worse.

The Anatomy of Melancholy is a ponderous, mystical work containing much quasi-medical material which does not lend itself readily to quotation. The preface, however, contains quotable remarks of a medical trend.

Burton used the pen-name of Democritus Junior.


THE
ANATOMY OF
MELANCHOLY
What it is: with all the kinds causes
symptoms prognostics & several cures of it
In three Partitions with their several
Sections, numbers & subsections
Philosophically, Medicinally,
Historically opened & cut up
BY
Democritus Junior.
With a Satyrical Preface conducing
to the following Discourse
The Sixth Edition corrected and
augmented by the Author
Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci
London
Printed & are to be sold by
at their Shop in Popes-head Alley
1652.

ROBERT BURTON

1577–1640

FRONTISPIECE TO THE ORIGINAL EDITION

THERE is no greater cause of melancholy than idleness, "no better cure than business," as Rhasis holds.

—*Anatomy of Melancholy. Democritus Junior to the Reader*

AS APOTHECARIES we make new mixtures every day, pour out of one vessel into another; and as those old Romans robbed all the cities of the world, to set out their bad-sited Rome, we skim off the cream of other men's wits, pick the choice flowers of their tilled gardens to set out our own sterile plots.

—*Democritus to the Reader*

I MIGHT indeed (had I wisely done) observed that precept of the poet,—nonumque prematur in annum, and have taken more care: or, as Alexander the physician would have done by lapis lazuli, fifty times washed before it be used I should have revised, corrected and amended this tract; but I had not (as I said) that happy leisure, no amanuenses or assistants.

—*Democritus to the Reader*

THOUGH there were many giants of old in Physic and Philosophy, yet I say with Didacus Stella, "A dwarf standing on the shoulders of a giant may see farther than a giant himself;" I may likely add, alter, and see farther than my predecessors; and it is no greater prejudice for me to indite after others, than for Ælianus Montaltus, that famous physician, to write *de morbis capitis* after Jason Pratensis, Heurnius, Hildesheim, &c., many horses to run in a race, one logician, one rhetorician, after another.

—*Democritus to the Reader*

AND as that great captain Zisca would have a drum made of his skin when he was dead, because he thought the very noise of it would put his enemies to flight, I doubt not but that these following lines, when they shall be recited, or hereafter read, will drive away melancholy (though I be gone), as much as Zisca's drum could terrify his foes.

—*Democritus to the Reader*

'TIS a general fault, so Severinus the Dane complains in physic, "unhappy men as we are, we spend our days in unprofitable questions and disputations,' intricate subtleties, *de lanâ caprinâ,* about moonshine in the water, "leaving in the meantime those chiefest treasures of nature untouched, wherein the best medicines for all manner of diseases are to be found, and do not only neglect them ourselves, but hinder, condemn, forbid, and scoff at others, that are willing to inquire after them." These motives at this present have induced me to make choice of this medicinal subject.

—*Democritus to the Reader*

YET one caution let me give by the way to my present, or my future reader, who is actually melancholy, that he read not the symptoms or prognostics in this following tract, lest by applying that which he reads to himself, aggravating, appropriating things generally spoken, to his own person (as melancholy men for the most part do), he trouble or hurt himself, and get in conclusion more harm than good.

—*Democritus to the Reader*

IF ANY physician in the mean time shall infer, Ne sutor ultra crepidam, and find himself grieved that I have intruded into his profession, I will tell him in brief, I do not otherwise by them, than they do by us. If it be for their advantage, I know many of their sect which have taken orders, in hope of a benefice, 'tis a common transition, and why may not a melancholy divine, that can get nothing but by simony, profess physic? Drusianus an Italian (Crusianus, but corruptly, Trithemius calls him) "because he was not fortunate in his practice, forsook his profession, and writ afterwards in divinity." Marcilius Ficinus was semel et simul; a priest and a physician at once, and T. Linacer in his old age took orders.

—Democritus to the Reader

IF THIS my discourse be over-medicinal, or savour to much of humanity, I promise thee that I will hereafter make thee amends in some treatise of divinity.

—Democritus to the Reader

IT IS a disease of the soul on which I am to treat, and as much as pertaining to a divine as to a physician, and who knows not what an agreement there is betwixt these two professions? A good divine either is or ought to be a good physician, a spiritual physician at least, as our Saviour calls himself, and was indeed, Matt. iv, 23; Luke v, 18; Luke vii, 8.

They differ but in object, the one of the body, the other of the soul, and use divers medicines to cure: one amends animam per corpus, the other corpus per animam, as our Regius Professor of physic well informed us in a learned lecture of his not long since. One helps the vices and passions of the soul, anger, lust, desperation, pride, presumption, &c., by applying that spiritual physic; as the other uses proper remedies in bodily diseases.

—*Democritus to the Reader*

A DIVINE in this compound mixed malady can do little alone, a physician in some kinds of melancholy much less, both make an absolute cure.

—*Democritus to the Reader*

FROM the highest to the lowest have need of physic.

—Democritus to the Reader

WHO is not touched more or less in habit or disposition? If in disposition, "ill dispositions beget habits, if they persevere," saith Plutarch, habits either are, or turn to diseases.

—Democritus to the Reader

'TIS the same which Tully maintains in the second of his Tuscalans, omnium insipientum animi in morbo sunt, et perturbatorum, fools are sick, and all that are troubled in mind: for what is sickness, but as Gregory Tholosanus defines it, "A dissolution or perturbation of the bodily league, which health combines:" and who is not sick, or ill-disposed? in whom doth not passion, anger, envy, discontent, fear and sorrow reign? Who labours not of this disease?

—Democritus to the Reader

GIVE me but a little leave, and you shall see by what testimonies, confessions, arguments, I will evince it, that most men are mad, that they had as much need to go a pilgrimage to the Anticyræ (as in Strabo's time they did) as in our days they run to Compostella, our Lady of Sichem, or Lauretta, to seek for help; that it is likely to be as prosperous a voyage as that of Guiana, and that there is much more need of hellebore than of tobacco.

—*Democritus to the Reader*

DEMOCRITUS on the other side, burst out a laughing, their whole life seemed to him so ridiculous, and he was so far carried with this ironical passion, that the citizens of Abdera took him to be mad, and sent therefore ambassadors to Hippocrates, the physician, that he would exercise his skill upon him. But the story is set down at large by Hippocrates, in his epistle to Damogetus, which because it is not impertinent to this discourse, I will insert verbatim almost as it is delivered by Hippocrates himself, with all the circumstances belonging unto it.

—*Democritus to the Reader*

WHEN Hippocrates was now come to Abdera the people of the city came flocking about him, some weeping, some entreating of him, that he would do his best. After some little repast, he went to see Democritus, the people following him, whom he found (as before) in his garden in the suburbs all alone, "sitting upon a stone under a plane tree, without hose or shoes, with a book on his knees, cutting up several beasts, and busy at his study." The multitude stood gazing round about to see the congress. Hippocrates, after a little pause, saluted him by his name, whom he resaluted, ashamed almost that he could not call him likewise by his, or that he had forgot it. Hippocrates demanded of him what he was doing: he told him that he was "busy in cutting up several beasts, to find out the cause of madness and melancholy." Hippocrates commended his work, admiring his happiness and leisure. And why, quoth Democritus, have not you that leisure? Because, replied Hippocrates, domestic affairs hinder, necessary to be done for ourselves, neighbours, friends; expenses, diseases, frailties and mortalities which happen; wife, children, servants, and such businesses which deprive us of our time. At this speech

Democritus profusely laughed (his friends and the people standing by, weeping in the meantime, and lamenting his madness).

—*Democritus to the Reader*

I DO anatomise and cut up these poor beasts, to see these distempers, vanities, and follies, yet such proof were better made on man's body, if my kind nature would endure it: who from the hour of his birth is most miserable, weak, and sickly; when he sucks he is guided by others, when he is grown great practiseth unhappiness and is sturdy, and when old, a child again, and repenteth him of his life past.

—*Democritus to the Reader*

SO THAT if men would attempt no more than what they can bear, they should lead contented lives, and learning to know themselves, would

limit their ambition, they would perceive then that nature hath enough without seeking such superfluities, and unprofitable things, which bring nothing with them but grief and molestation. As a fat body is more subject to diseases, so are rich men to absurdities and fooleries, to many casualties and cross inconveniences.

—*Democritus to the Reader*

SEEING men are so fickle, so sottish, so intemperate, why should not I laugh at those to whom folly seems wisdom, will not be cured, and perceive it not?

It grew late: Hippocrates left him; and no sooner was he come away, but all the citizens came about flocking, to know how he liked him. He told them in brief, that notwithstanding those small neglects of his attire, body, diet, the world had not a wiser, a more learned, a more honest man, and they were much deceived to say that he was mad.

—*Democritus to the Reader*

HE THAT was a mariner to-day, is an apothecary to-morrow.

—*Democritus to the Reader*

'TIS not to be denied, the world alters every day, Ruunt urbes, regna transferuntur, &c. variantur habitus, leges innovantur, as Petrarch observes, we change language, habits, laws, customs, manners, but not vices, not diseases, not the symptoms of folly and madness, they are still the same.

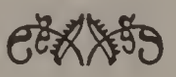
—*Democritus to the Reader*

WOULD he, think you, or any man else, say that these men were well in their wits? Haec sani esse hominis quis sanus juret Orestes? Can all the hellebore in the Anticyræ cure these men? No sure, "an acre of hellebore will not do it."

—*Democritus to the Reader*

THAT which is more to be lamented, they are mad like Seneca's blind woman, and will not acknowledge, or seek for any cure of it. . . . If our leg or arm offend us, we covet by all means possible to redress it; and if we labour of a bodily disease, we send for a physician; but for the diseases of the mind we take no notice of them.

—Democritus to the Reader



WE ARE torn in pieces by our passions, as so many wild horses, one in disposition, another in habit; one is melancholy, another mad; and which of us all seeks for help, doth acknowledge his error, or knows he is sick?

—Democritus to the Reader

WHO will say that a sick man is wise, that eats and drinks to overthrow the temperature of his body? Can you account him wise or discreet that would willingly have his health, and yet will do nothing that should procure or continue it?

—Democritus to the Reader

AS Tully determines out of an old poem, no mortal men can avoid sorrow and sickness, and sorrow is an inseparable companion from melancholy.

—*Democritus to the Reader*

WHERE they be generally riotous and contentions, where there be many discords, many laws, many lawsuits, many lawyers and many physicians, it is a manifest sign of a distempered, melancholy state, as Plato long since maintained: for where such kind of men swarm, they will make more work for themselves, and that body politic diseased, which was otherwise sound.

—*Democritus to the Reader*

NEMO *in nostrâ civitate mendicus esto,* saith Plato: he will have them purged from a commonwealth, "as a bad humour from the body," that are like so many ulcers and boils, and must be cured before the melancholy body can be eased.

—*Democritus to the Reader*

IN EVERY so built city, I will have . . . hospitals of all kinds, for children, orphans, old folks, sick men, mad men, soldiers, pest houses, &c. . . . and those hospitals so built and maintained, not by collections, benevolences, donaries, for a set number (as in ours,) just so many and no more . . . and that *ex publico aerario*, and so still maintained. . . . I will have conduits of sweet and good water, aptly disposed in each town, common granaries, as at Dresden in Misnia, Stetein in Pomerland, Noremberg, &c. Colleges of mathematicians, musicians, and actors, as of old at Labedum in Ionia, alchymists, physicians, artists, and philosophers; that all arts and sciences may sooner be perfected and better learned.

—*Democritus to the Reader*

FRATERNITIES and companies, I approve of, as merchants' bourses, colleges of druggists, physicians, musicians, &c.

—*Democritus to the Reader*

IF it were possible, I would have such priests as should imitate Christ, charitable lawyers should love their neighbours as themselves, temperate and modest physicians, politicians contemn the world, philosophers should know themselves, noblemen live honestly, tradesmen leave lying and cozening, magistrates corruption, &c., but this is impossible, I must get such as I may. I will therefore have of lawyers, judges, advocates, physicians, chirurgeons, &c., a set number, and every man, if it be possible, to plead his own cause, to tell that tale to the judge which he doth to his advocate, . . . Those advocates, chirurgeons, and physicians, which are allowed to be maintained out of the common treasury, no fees to be given or taken upon pain of losing their places; or if they do, very small fees, and when the cause is fully ended.

—*Democritus to the Reader*

WHEREFORE I will suffer no beggars, rogues, vagabonds, or idle persons at all, that cannot give an account of their lives how they maintain themselves. If they be impotent, lame, blind, and single, they shall be sufficiently maintained in several hospitals, built for that purpose.

—*Democritus to the Reader*

NO MAN shall marry until he be 25, no woman until she be 20, nisi aliter dispensatum fuerit. . . . And when once they come to those years, poverty shall hinder no man from marriage, or any other respect, but all shall be rather enforced than hindered, except they be dismembered, or grievously deformed, infirm, or visited with some enormous hereditary disease, in body or mind; in such cases upon a great pain, or mulct, man or woman shall not marry, other order shall be taken for them to their content.

—*Democritus to the Reader*

IT IS a wonder that Paulus Jovius relates of our northern countries, what an infinite deal of meat we consume on our tables; that I may truly say, 'tis not bounty, not hospitality, as it is often abused, but riot and excess, gluttony and prodigality; a mere vice; it brings in debt, want, and beggary, hereditary diseases, consumes their fortunes, and overthrows the good temperature of their bodies.

—*Democritus to the Reader*

AS IT is in a man's body, if either head, heart, stomach, liver, spleen, or any one part be misaffected, all the rest suffer with it: so is it with this economical body.

—*Democritus to the Reader*

THESE acute and subtle sophisters, so much honored, have as much need of hellebore as others.

—*Democritus to the Reader*

IF SCHOOL divinity be so censured. . . . What shall become of humanity? Ars stulta, what can she plead? What can her followers say for themselves? Much learning . . . hath cracked their sconce, and taken such root, that . . . hellebore itself can do no good, nor that renowned lanthorn of Epictetus, by which if any man studied, he should be as wise as he was.

—*Democritus to the Reader*

BUDAEUS, in an epistle of his to Lupsetus, will have civil law to be the tower of wisdom; another honours physic, the quistessence of nature; a third tumbles them both down, and sets up the flag of his own peculiar science.

—Democritus to the Reader

LOVE is madness, a hell, an incurable disease.

—Democritus to the Reader

I CAN say no more than in particular, but in general terms to the rest, they are all mad, their wits are evaporated, and as Ariosto feigns 1.34. kept in jars above the moon. . . .

Convicted fools they are, madmen upon record; and I am afraid past cure many of them . . . the symptoms are manifest, they are all of Gotam parish. . . . what remains then but to send for Lorarios, those officers to carry them all together for company to Bedlam, and set Rabelais to be their physician.

—Democritus to the Reader

TO CONCLUDE, this being granted, that all the world is melancholy, or mad, doats, and every member of it, I have ended my task, and sufficiently illustrated that which I took upon me to demonstrate at first. At this present I have no more to say. . . . I can but wish myself and them a good physician, and all of us a better mind.

—*Democritus to the Reader*

AND although for the above named reasons, I had a just cause to undertake this subject, to point at these particular species of dotage, that so men might acknowledge their imperfections, and seek to reform what is amiss; yet I have a more serious intent at this time; and to omit all impertinent digressions, to say no more of such as are improperly melancholy, or metaphorically mad, lightly mad, or in disposition, as stupid, angry, drunken, silly, sottish, sullen, proud, vain-glorious, ridiculous, beastly, peevish, obstinate, impudent, extravagant, dry, doting, dull, desperate, hare-brain, &c., mad, frantic, foolish, heteroclites, which no new hospital can hold, no physic help; my purpose and endeavour is, in the following discourse

to anatomize this humour of melancholy, through all its parts and species, as it is an habit, or an ordinary disease, and that philosophically, medicinally, to show the causes, symptoms, and several cures of it, that it may be the better avoided. Moved thereunto for the generality of it, and to do good, it being a disease so frequent, as Mercurialis observes, "in these our days; so often happening," saith Laurentius, "in our miserable times," as few there are that feel not the smart of it.

—Democritus to the Reader

OF THE same mind is Ælian Montalius, Melancthon, and others; Julius Cæsar Claudinus calls it the "fountain of all other diseases, and so common in this crazed age of ours, that scarce one of a thousand is free from it;" and that splenetic hypochondriacal wind especially, which proceeds from the spleen and short ribs.

—Democritus to the Reader

BEING then a disease so grievous, so common, I know not wherein to do a more general service, and spend my time better, than to prescribe means how to prevent and cure so universal a malady, an epidemical disease, that so often, so much crucifies the body and mind.

—*Democritus to the Reader*

OBJECT then and cavil what thou wilt, I ward all with Democritus's buckler, his medicine shall salve it; strike where thou wilt, and when: *Democritus dixit,* Democritus will answer it.

—*Democritus to the Reader*

NO, I recant, I will not, I care, I fear, I confess my fault, acknowledge a great offence, . . . I have overshot myself, I have spoken foolishly, rashly, unadvisedly, absurdly, I have anatomized

mine own folly. And now methinks upon a sudden I am awaked as it were out of a dream; I have had a raving fit, a fantastical fit, ranged up and down, in and out, I have insulted over the most kind of men, abused some, offended others, wronged myself; and now being recovered, and perceiving mine error, cry with Orlando, *Solvite me,* pardon (*o boni*) that which is past, and I will make you amends in that which is to come; I promise you a more sober discourse in my following treatise.

—*Democritus to the Reader*

IF THOU knewest my modesty and simplicity, thou wouldst easily pardon and forgive what is here amiss, or by thee misconceived. If hereafter anatomizing this surly humour, my hand slip, as an unskilful 'prentice I lance too deep, and cut through skin and all at unawares, make it smart, or cut awry, pardon a rude hand, an unskilful knife, 'tis a most difficult thing to keep an even tone, a perpetual tenor, and not sometimes to lash out.

—*Democritus to the Reader*

SIR THOMAS BROWNE

1605—1682

SIR Thomas Browne, physician, was born in London and died at Norwich where he resided for many years.

He was the author of *Religio Medici, Inquiries into Vulgar and Common Errors, Hydriotaphia, or Urn-Burial.*

Professor Saintsbury is quoted as characterizing Sir Thomas Browne as "the greatest prose writer perhaps, when all things are taken together, in the whole range of English."

FOR MY Religion, though there be several Circumstances that might perswade the World I have none at all (as the general scandal of my Profession, the natural course of my Studies. . . .) yet, in despight thereof, I dare without usurpation assume the honorable stile of a Christian.

—*Religio Medici*

THOSE have not onely depraved understandings, but diseased affections, which cannot enjoy a singularity without an Heresie, or be the Author of an Opinion without they be of a Sect also.

—*Religio Medici*

AS FOR those wingy Mysteries in Divinity, and airy subtleties in Religion, which have unhing'd the brains of better heads, they never stretched the *Pia Mater* of mine.

—*Religio Medici*

I REMEMBER a Doctor in Physick, of Italy, who could not perfectly believe the immortality of the Soul, because Galen seemed to make a doubt thereof. With another I was familiarly acquainted in France, a Divine, and a man of singular parts, that on the same point was so plunged and gravelled with three lines of Seneca that all our Antidotes drawn from both Scripture and Philosophy, could not expel the poyson of his errour.

—Religio Medici

WHOSOEVER feels not the warm gale and gentle ventilation of this Spirit, though I feel his pulse, I dare not say he lives.

—Religio Medici

THAT we are the breath and similitude of God, it is indisputable, and upon record of Holy Scripture; but to call ourselves a Microcosm, or little World, I thought it only a pleasant trope of Rhetorick, till my neer judgement and second thoughts told me there was a real truth therein.

—Religio Medici

FOR first we are a rude mass, and in the rank of creatures which onely are, and have a dull kind of being, not yet priviledged with life, or preferred to sense or reason; next we live the life of Plants, the life of Animals, the life of Men, and at last the life of Spirits, running on in one mysterious nature those five kinds of existences, which comprehend the creatures, not onely of the World, but of the Universe. Thus is Man that great and true *Amphibium*, whose nature is disposed to live, not onely like other creatures in divers elements, but in divided and distinguished worlds: for though there be but one to sense, there are two to reason, the one visible, the other invisible; whereof Moses seems to have left description, and of the other so obscurely, that some parts thereof are yet in controversie.

—*Religio Medici*

IN OUR study of Anatomy there is a mass of mysterious Philosophy, and such as reduced the very Heathens to Divinity: yet, amongst all these rare discoveries and curious pieces I find in the Fabrick of Man, I do not so much content myself as in that I find not, there is no Organ or Instrument for the rational Soul.

—*Religio Medici*

FOR in the brain, which we term the seat of Reason, there is not anything of moment more than I can discover in the crany of a beast: and this is a sensible and no inconsiderable argument of the inorganity of the Soul, at least in that sense we usually so receive it. Thus we are men, and we know not how: there is something in us that can be without us, and will be after us; though it is strange that it hath no history what it was before us, nor cannot tell how it entred in us.

—*Religio Medici*

NOW, for these walls of flesh, wherein the Soul doth seem to be immured before the Resurrection, it is nothing but an elemental composition, and a Fabrick that must fall to ashes. *All flesh is grass,* is not onely metaphorically, but litterally, true; for all those creatures we behold are but the herbs of the field, digested into flesh in them, or more remotely carnified in our selves. Nay further, we are what we all abhor, *Anthropophagi* and Cannibals, devourers not onely of men, but of our selves; and that not in an allegory, but a positive truth: for all this mass of flesh which we be-

hold, came in at our mouths; this frame we look upon, hath been upon our trenchers; in brief, we have devour'd our selves.

—*Religio Medici*

I THANK God I have not those strait ligaments, or narrow obligations to the World, as to dote on life, or be convulst and tremble at the name of death. Not that I am insensible of the dread and horrour thereof; or by raking into the bowels of the deceased, continual sight of Anatomies, Skeletons, or Cadaverous reliques, like Vespilloes, or Grave-makers, I am become stupid, or have forgot the apprehension of Mortality; but that, marshalling all the horrours, and contemplating the extremities thereof, I find not anything therein able to daunt the courage of a man, much less a well-resolved Christian; and therefore am not angry at the errour of our first Parents, or unwilling to bear a part of this common fate, and like the best of them to dye, that is, to cease to breathe, to take a farewel of the elements, to be a kind of nothing for a moment, to be within one instant of a Spirit.

—*Religio Medici*

AND sure there is no torture to the rack of a disease, nor any Ponyards in death it self like those in the way or prologue to it . . . Were I of Cæsar's Religion, I should be of his desires, and wish rather to go off at one blow, then to be sawed in pieces by the grating torture of a disease.

—*Religio Medici*

MEN that look no farther than their outsides, think health an appurtenance unto life, and quarrel with their constitutions for being sick; but I, that have examined the parts of man, and know upon what tender filaments that Fabrick hangs, do wonder that we are not always so; and, considering the thousand doors that lead to death, do thank my God that we can die but once.

—*Religio Medici*

NOR can I think I have the true Theory of death, when I contemplate a skull, or behold a Skeleton, with those vulgar imaginations it casts upon us.

—*Religio Medici*

THE Stoicks that condemn passion, and command a man to laugh in Phalaris his Bull, could not endure without a groan a fit of the Stone or Colick.

—*Religio Medici*

I COULD digest a Salad gathered in a Churchyard, as well as in a Garden.

—*Religio Medici*

IT is a happiness to be born and framed unto virtue, and to grow up from the seeds of nature, rather than the inoculation and forced graffs of education.

—*Religio Medici*

I MAKE not therefore my head a grave, but a treasure, of knowledge.

—*Religio Medici*

I COULD lose an arm without a tear, and with few groans, methinks, be quartered into pieces; yet can I weep most seriously at a Play, and receive with true passion the counterfeit grief of those known and professed Impostures.

—*Religio Medici*

DEMOCRITUS, that thought to laugh the times into goodness, seems to me as Hypochondriack as Heraclitus, that bewailed them.

—*Religio Medici*

I CANNOT go to cure the body of my patient, but I forget my profession, and call unto God for his soul. —*Religio Medici*

I KNOW most of the Plants of my Countrey, and of those about me; yet methinks I do not know so many as when I did know but a hundred, and had scarcely ever Simpled further than *Cheapside.* —*Religio Medici*

I FEEL not in me those sordid and unchristian desires of my profession; I do not secretly implore and wish for Plagues, rejoyce at Famines, revolve Ephemerides and Almanacks in expectation of malignant Aspects, fatal conjunctions, and Eclipses. I rejoyce not at unwholesome Springs, nor unseasonable Winters; my Prayer goes with the Husbandman's; I desire everything in its proper season, that neither men nor the times be put out of temper. —*Religio Medici*

LET me be sick my self, if sometimes the malady of my patient be not a disease unto me. I desire rather to cure his infirmities than my own necessities. Where I do him no good, methinks it is scarce honest gain; though I confess 'tis but the worthy salary of our well-intended endeavours.
—*Religio Medici*

I AM not only ashamed, but heartily sorry, that, besides death, there are diseases incurable: yet not for my own sake, or that they be beyond my Art, but for the general cause and sake of humanity, whose common cause I apprehend as mine own. —*Religio Medici*

AND to speak more generally, those three Noble Professions which all civil Commonwealths do honour, are raised upon the fall of Adam, and are not any way exempt from their infirmities; there are not only diseases incurable in Physick, but cases indissolvable in Laws, Vices incorrigible in Divinity.

—*Religio Medici*

I CAN cure the Gout or Stone in some, sooner than Divinity, Pride, or Avarice in others. I can cure Vices by Physick when they remain incurable by Divinity, and shall obey my Pills when they contemn their precepts.

—*Religio Medici*

I BOAST nothing, but plainly say, we all labour against our own cure; for death is the cure of all diseases. There is no *Catholicon* or universal remedy I know, but this; which, though nauseous to queasie stomachs, yet to prepared appetites is Nectar, and a pleasant potion of immortality.

—*Religio Medici*

FOR it is also thus in nature: the greatest Balsomes do lie enveloped in the bodies of most powerful Corrosives. I say, moreover, and I ground upon experience, that poisons contain within themselves their own Antidote, and that which preserves them from the venome of themselves, without which they were not deleterious to others onely, but to themselves also.

—*Religio Medici*

BUT IT is the corruption that I fear within me, not the contagion of commerce without me. 'Tis that unruly regiment within me, that will destroy me; 'tis I that do infect my self; the man without a Navel yet lives in me; I feel that original canker corrode and devour me; and therefore *Defenda me DIOS de me,* "Lord deliver me from my self," is a part of my Letany, and the first voice of my retired imaginations.

—*Religio Medici*

THERE is no man alone, because every man is a Microcosm, and carries the whole World about him.

—*Religio Medici*

FOR THE World, I count it not an Inn, but an Hospital; and a place not to live, but to dye in.

—*Religio Medici*

NATURE tells me I am the Image of God, as well as Scripture; he that understands not thus much, hath not his introduction or first lesson, and is yet to begin the Alphabet of man.

—*Religio Medici*

WE ARE somewhat more than ourselves in our sleeps, and the slumber of the body seems to be but the waking of the soul. It is the ligation of sense, but the liberty of reason; and our waking conceptions do not match the Fancies of our sleeps.

—*Religio Medici*

FOR to me, avarice seems not so much a vice, as a deplorable piece of madness; to conceive ourselves pipkins, or be perswaded that we are dead, is not so ridiculous, nor so many degrees beyond the power of Hellebore, as this.

—*Religio Medici*

IF THE example of the Mite be not only an act of wonder, but an example of the noblest Charity, surely poor men may also build Hospitals, and the rich alone have not erected Cathedrals.

—*Religio Medici*

BESIDE, to preserve the living, and make the dead to live, to keep men out of their urns, and discourse of human fragments in them, is not impertinent unto our profession; whose study is life and death, who daily behold examples of mortality, and of all men least need artificial *mementoes,* or coffins by our bedside, to mind us of our graves.

—*Dedication of Urn-Burial*

BUT who knows the fate of his bones, or how often he is to be buried?

—Dedication of Urn-Burial

ANTIQUITY held too light thoughts from objects of mortality, while some drew provocatives of mirth from anatomies, and jugglers showed tricks with skeletons; when fiddlers made not so pleasant mirth as fencers, and men could sit with quiet stomachs, while hanging was played before them. Old considerations made few mementos by skulls and bones upon their monuments.

—Urn-Burial

A DIALOGUE between two infants in the womb concerning the state of this world, might handsomely illustrate our ignorance of the next, whereof methinks we yet discourse in Plato's den, and are but embryon philosophers.

—Urn-Burial

IF THE nearness of our last necessity brought a nearer conformity into it, there were a happiness in hoary hairs, and no calamity in half-senses. But the long habit of living indisposeth us for dying; when avarice makes us the sport of death, when even David grew politickly cruel, and Solomon could hardly be said to be the wisest of men. But many are too early old, and before the date of age.

—*Urn-Burial*

BUT to subsist in bones, and be but pyramidally extant, is a fallacy in duration.

—*Urn-Burial*

THERE is no antidote against the opium of time, which temporally considereth all things: our fathers find their graves in our short memories, and sadly tell us how we may be buried in our survivors.

—*Urn-Burial*

WHO cares to exist like Hippocrates' patients, or Achilles' horses in Homer, under naked nominations, without deserts and noble acts, which are the balsam of our memories, the *entelechia* and soul of our subsistences?

—Urn-Burial

TO be ignorant of evils to come, and forgetful of evils past, is a merciful provision in nature, whereby we digest the mixture of our few and evil days, and, our delivered senses not relapsing into cutting remembrances, our sorrows are not kept raw by the edge of repetitions.

—Urn-Burial

SAMUEL PEPYS

1633-1703

SAMUEL PEPYS was educated at St. Paul's school in London and at Magdalen College, Cambridge. He held public offices especially in connection with the navy and became President of the Royal Society.

In particular Pepys is known by the Diary he kept. For many years this Diary, written in short-hand, remained at Magdalen College. It was deciphered by Rev. J. Smith and was published in 1825.

The Diary gives a remarkable account of the period of the Restoration and of Pepys' personal affairs.

Of especial interest to physicians is the graphic and tragic account of the Great Plague which is given in the Diary. Of medical interest, also, is Pepys' resolve to keep as a festival March twenty-sixth, the day on which he "was cut for the stone at Mrs. Turner's in Salisbury Court."

SAMUEL PEPYS

1633—1703

BLESSED be God, at the end of the last year, I was in very good health, without any sense of my old pain, but upon taking of cold.

—1659–60, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

THEN my wife and I, it being a great frost, went to Mrs. Jem's in expectation to eat a sack-posset, but Mr. Edward not coming, it was put off; and I left my wife playing at cards with her, and went myself to Mr. Fage, to consult concerning my nose, who told me it was nothing but cold.

—Jan. 5, 1659–60, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

TO Mrs. Jem, and found her up and merry, as it did not prove the small-pox, but the swine-pox; so I played a game or two at cards with her.

—Jan. 13, 1659–60, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

RODE to Huntsmore to Mr. Bowyer's, where I found him, and all well, and willing to have my wife come and board with them while I was at sea. Here I lay, and took a spoonful of honey and a nutmeg, scraped for my cold, by Mr. Bowyer's direction.

—March 12, 1660, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

THIS day it is two years since it pleased God that I was cut for the stone at Mrs. Turner's in Salisbury Court; and did resolve while I live to keep it a festival, as I did the last year at my house, and forever to have Mrs. Turner and her company with me. But now it pleased God that I am prevented to do it openly; only within my soul I can and do rejoice, and bless God, being at this time, blessed be His holy name, in as good health as ever I was in my life.

—March 26, 1660, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

AT supper, the three Doctors of Physique again at my cabin; where I put Dr. Scarborough in mind of what I heard him say, that children do, in every day's experience, look several ways with both their eyes, till custom teaches them otherwise; and that we do now see with but one eye, our eyes looking in parallel lines.

—May 24, 1660, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

TO my Lord's lodgings, where Tom Guy come to me, and there staid to see the King touch people for the King's evil. But he did not come at all, it rained so; and the poor people were forced to stand all the morning in the rain in the garden. Afterward he touched them in the Banquetting-house.

—June 23, 1660, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

MAJOR Hart come to me, whom I did receive with wine and anchovies, which made me so dry, that I was ill with them all night, and was fain to have the girl rise and fetch me some drink.

—*Aug. 27, 1660, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

THIS day the Duke of Gloucester died of the smallpox, by the great negligence of the doctors.

—*Sept. 13, 1660, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

TO Mr. Lilly's, where not finding Mr. Spong, I went to Mr. Greatorex, where I met him, and where I bought of him a drawing pen; and he did show me the manner of the lamp-glasses, which carry the light a great way, good to read in bed by, and I intend to have one of them; and we looked at his wooden jack in his chimney, that goes with the smoake, which indeed is very pretty.

—*Oct. 24, 1660, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

THIS day I hear that the Princess Royall has the smallpox.

—Dec. 20, 1660, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

THIS day the Princess Royall died at White Hall.

—Dec. 24, 1660, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

TO White Hall by water, and dined with my Lady Sandwich, who at table did tell me how much fault was laid upon Dr. Frazer and the rest of the Doctors, for the death of the Princess.

—Dec. 26, 1660, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

ABOUT the middle of the night I was very ill—I think with eating and drinking too much—and so I was forced to call the mayde, who pleased my wife and I in her running up and down so innocently in her smock.

—Dec. 27, 1660, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

AT the end of the last and the beginning of this year, I do live in one of the houses belonging to the Navy Office, as one of the principal officers, and have done now about half-a-year; my family being, myself, my wife, Jane, Will, Hewer, and Wayneman, my girl's brother. Myself in constant good health, and in a most handsome and thriving condition. Blessed be Almighty God for it.

—1660–61, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

THIS day comes news, by letters from Portsmouth, that the Princess Henrietta is fallen sick of the meazles on board the *London,* after the Queen and she was under sail. And so was forced to come back into Portsmouth harbour; and in their way, by negligence of the pilot, run upon the Horse sand. The Queen and she continued aboard, and do not intend to come on shore till she sees what will become of the young Princess. This newes do make people think something indeed, that three of the Royal Family should fall sick of the same disease, one after another.

—Jan. 11, 1660–61, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

TOOK Mr. Holliard to the Greyhound, where he did advise me above all things, both as to the stone and the decay of my memory (of which I now complain to him), to avoid drinking often, which I am resolved, if I can, to leave off.

—Jan. 18, 1660–61, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

I met with Dr. Thomas Fuller: he tells me of his last and great book that is coming out: that is, the History of all the Families in England; and could tell me more of my owne, than I knew myself. And also to what perfection he hath now brought the art of memory; that he did lately to four eminently great scholars dictate together in Latin, upon different subjects of their proposing, faster than they were able to write, till they were tired; and that the best way of beginning a sentence, if a man should be out and forget his last sentence, (which he never was), that then his last refuge is to begin with an Utcunque.

—Jan. 22, 1660–61, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

LORD'S day.—Took physique all day, and, God forgive me, did spend it in reading of some little French romances.

—Feb. 10, 1660–61, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

MY wife come home, and she had got her teeth new done by La Roche, and are indeed now pretty handsome, and I was much pleased with it.

—March 11, 1661, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

THIS is my great day that three years ago I was cut of the stone, and, blessed be God, I do yet find myself very free from pain again.

—March 26, 1661, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

UP among my workmen, my head akeing all day from last night's debauch. At noon dined with Sir W. Batten and Pen, who would have me drink two good draughts of sack to-day, to cure me of my last night's disease, which I thought strange, but I think find it true.

—April 3, 1661, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

TO Whitehall by water from Towre-wharfe, where we could not pass the ordinary way, because they were mending of the great stone steps against the Coronacion. Met my Lord with the Duke; and after a little talk with him, I went to the Banquet-house, and there saw the King heale, the first time that ever I saw him do it; which he did with great gravity, and it seemed to me to be an ugly office and a simple one.

—April 13, 1661, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

WAKED in the morning, with my head in a sad taking through the last night's drink, which I am very sorry for: so rose, and went out with Mr. Creed to drink our morning draught, which he did give me in chocolate to settle my stomach.

—April 24, 1661, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

AT night comes my wife not well, from my father's, having had a fore-tooth drawn out to-day, which do trouble me.

—May 8, 1661, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

FINDING my head grow weak now-a-days, if I come to drink wine, and therefore hope that I shall leave it off of myself, which I pray God I could do.

—May 14, 1661, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

CAPTAIN Ferrers and Mr. Howe and myself to Mr. Wilkinson's at the Crowne: then to my Lord's, where we went and sat talking and laughing in the drawing-room a great while. All our talk upon their going to sea this voyage, which Captain Ferrers is in some doubt whether he shall do or no, but swears that he would go, if he were sure never to come back again; and I, giving him some hopes, he grew so mad with joy that he fell a-dancing and leaping like a madman. Now it fell out that the balcone windows were opened, and he went to the rayle and made an offer to leap over, and asked what if he should leap over there. I told him I would give him 40 pounds if he did not go to sea. With that thought, I shut the doors, and W. Howe hindered him all we could; yet he opened them again, and, with a vault, leaps down into the garden:—the greatest and most desperate frolic that I ever saw in my life. I run to see what was become of him, and we found him crawled upon his knees, but could not rise; so we went down into the garden, and dragged him to a bench, where he looked like a dead man, but could not stir; and, though he had broke nothing, yet his pain in his back was such as he could not endure. With this my Lord (who was in the little new room) come to

us in amaze, and bid us carry him up, which, by our strength we did, and so laid him in East's bedroom, by the doore; where he lay in great pain. We sent for a doctor and chyrurgeon, but none to be found, till, by-and-by, by chance comes in Dr. Clerke, who is afraid of him. So we went for a lodging for him.

—May 19, 1661, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

I WENT to Clerke's at the Legg, and there we dined very merry, there coming to us Captain Ferrers, this being the first day of his going abroad since his leape a week ago, which I was greatly glad to see.

—May 27, 1661, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

MYSELF in good health, but mighty apt to take cold, so that this hot weather I am fain to wear a cloth before my stomach.

—June 30, 1661, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

DINED with my Lady, who is in some mourning for her brother, Mr. Samuel Crewe, who died yesterday of the spotted fever.

—*July 3, 1661, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

RODE to Impington, where found my old uncle sitting all alone, like a man out of the world: he can hardly see; but all things else he do pretty livelyly.

—*July 15, 1661, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

IN the afternoon had notice that my Lord Hinchingbroke is fallen ill, which I fear is with the fruit that I did give them on Saturday last at my house; so in the evening I went thither, and there found him very ill, and in great fear of the small-pox.

Aug. 12, 1661, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

TO the Wardrobe, and found my young Lord very ill, so my Lady intends to send her other three sons, Sidney, Oliver, and John, to my house, for fear of the small-pox. Home, and there found my Lady's three sons come, of which I am glad that I am in condition to do her and my Lord any service in this kind; but my mind is yet very much troubled about my Lord of Sandwich's health.

—Aug. 13, 1661, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

AT home, I found a letter from Mr. Creed of July last, that tells me that my Lord is rid of his pain (which was wind got into the muscles of his right side) and his feaver, and is now in hopes to go abroad in a day or two, which do give me mighty great comfort.

—Aug. 14, 1661, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

AT the office all the morning, though little to do; because all our clerkes are gone to the buriall of Tom Whitton, one of the Comptroller's clerkes, a very ingenious and a likely young man to live, as any in the Office. But it is such a sickly time both in the City and country every where, of a sort of fever, that never was heard of almost, unless it was in a plague-time. Among others, the famous Tom Fuller is dead of it; and Dr. Nicholls, Dean of Paul's; and my Lord General Monk is very dangerously ill. Dined at home with the children, and were merry. My aunt Fenner is upon the point of death.

—Aug. 16, 1661, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

I FOUND a letter from my Lord Sandwich, who is now very well again of his feaver, but not yet gone from Alicante, where he lay sick, and was twice there bled. This letter dated the 22nd of July last, which puts me out of doubt of his being ill.

—Aug. 26, 1661, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

THE season very sickly everywhere of strange and fatal fevers.

—*Aug. 31, 1661, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

LORD'S Day.—What at dinner and supper I drink, I know not how, of my own accord, so much wine, that I was even almost foxed, and my head aked all night; so home and to bed, without prayers, which I never did yet, since I come to the house, of a Sunday night: I being now so out of order that I durst not read prayers, for fear of being perceived by my servants in what case I was.

—*Sept. 29, 1661, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

TOOK coach as far as my cozen Scott's, and my wife and I staid there at the christening of my cozen's boy, where my cozen Samuel Pepys of Ireland and I were godfathers, and I did name the child Samuel. There was a company of pretty

women there in the chamber, but we staid not, but went with the minister into another room, and eat and drank—my she-cozen Stradwick being godmother. It cost me 20s. between the midwife and the two nurses to-day.

Nov. 19, 1661, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

SO home, and after supper and by barber had trimmed me, I sat down to end my journell for this year, and my condition at this time, by God's blessing, is that my health is very good, and so my wife's, in all respects: my servants, W. Hewer, Sarah, Nell, and Wayneman: my house at the Navy Office.

—Dec. 31, 1661, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

WAKING this morning out of my sleep on a sudden, I did with my elbow hit my wife a great blow over her face and neck, which waked her with pain, at which I was sorry, and to sleep again.

—Jan. 1, 1661–62, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

BEFORE twelve o'clock comes, by appointment, Mr. Peter and the Dean, and Colonel Honiwood, brothers, to dine with me; but so soon, that I was troubled at it. Mr. Peter did show us the experiment, which I had heard talke of, of the chymicall glasses, which break all to dust by breaking off a little small end; which is a great mystery to me. My aunt Wright and my wife and I to cards, she teaching us to play at gleeke, which is a pretty game; but I have not my head so free as to be troubled with it.

—Jan. 13, 1661–62, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

THIS morning, Mr. Berkenshaw come again, and after he had examined me and taught me something in my work, he and I went to breakfast in my chamber upon a collar of brawn; and after we had eaten, asked me whether we had not committed a fault in eating to-day; telling me, that it is a fast-day ordered by the Parliament, to pray for more seasonable weather; it having hitherto been summer weather, that it is, both as to warmth and every other thing, just as if it were the middle of May or June, which do threaten a

plague, as all men think, to follow, for so it was almost the last winter; and the whole year after hath been a very sickly time to this day.

—*Jan. 15, 1661–62, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

STOAKES told us that notwithstanding the country of Gambo is so unhealthy, yet the people of the place live very long, so as the present king there is 150 years old, which they count by rains: because every year it rains continually four months together. He also told us, that the kings there have above 100 wives a-piece.

—*Jan. 16, 1661–62, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

LORD'S Day.—Thanks be to God, since my leaving drinking of wine, I do find myself much better, and do mind my business better and do spend less money, and less time lost in idle company.

—*Jan. 26, 1661–62, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

LORD'S Day.—I took physique this day, and was all day in my chamber, talking with my wife about her laying out of £20, which I had long since promised her to lay out in clothes against Easter for herself, and composing some ayres, God forgive me! At night to prayers and to bed.

—Feb. 9, 1661–62, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

LORD'S Day.—My cold being increased, I staid at home all day, pleasing myself with my dining-room, now graced with pictures, and reading of Dr. Fuller's Worthys: so I spent the day. This day, by God's mercy, I am 29 years of age, and in very good health, and like to live and get an estate; and if I have a heart to be contented, I think I may reckon myself as happy a man as any in the world, for which God be praised. So to prayers and to bed.

—Feb. 23, 1661–62, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

WALKING in the garden with Sir W. Pen: his son William is at home, not well. But all things, I fear, do not go well with them—they look discontentedly, but I know not what ails them.

—March 16, 1662, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

TO Westminster Hall, and there bought Mr. Grant's book of observations upon the weekly bills of mortality, which appears to me, upon first sight, to be very pretty.

—March 24, 1662, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

UP early. This being, by God's blessing, the fourth solemne day of my cutting for the stone this day four years, and am, by God's mercy, in very good health, and like to do well; the Lord's name be praised for it! At noon come my good guest, Madam Turner, The., and cozen Norton, and a gentleman, one Mr. Lewin, of the King's Life-guard, by the same token he told us of one of his fellows killed this morning in a duel. I had a pretty dinner for them; viz., a brace of stewed carps, six roasted chickens, and a jowle of salmon, hot, for the first course; a tanzy, and two neat's tongues, and cheese, the second. Merry all the afternoon, talking, and singing, and piping on the flageolette. We had a man-cook to dress dinner to-day, and sent for Jane to help us.

—March 26, 1662, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

TO Sir Thomas Crewe's lodgings. He hath been ill, and continues so, under fits of appoplexy.

—March 31, 1662, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

WITH Sir W. Pen by water to Deptford; and among the ships now going to Portugall with men and horse, to see them dispatched. So to Greenwich; and had a fine pleasant walk to Woolwich, having in our company Captain Minnes, whom I was much pleased to hear talk. Among other things, he and the Captains that were with us tell me that negros drowned look white, and lose their blackness, which I never heard before.

—April 11, 1662, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

TO Mr. Holliard's in the morning, thinking to be let blood, but he was gone out.

—April 17, 1662, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

THE Doctor and I lay together at Wiard's, the chyrurgeon's, in Portsmouth: his wife a very pretty woman.

—*April 23, 1662, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

ALL the morning at Portsmouth, at the Pay, and then to dinner, and again to the Pay; and at night got the Doctor to lie with me, and much pleased with his company; but I was much troubled in my eyes, by reason of the healths I have this day been forced to drink.

—*April 25, 1662, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

THE Doctor and I begun philosophy discourse exceeding pleasant. He offers to bring me into the college of virtuosoes, and my Lord Brouncker's acquaintance, and show me some anatomy, which makes me very glad; and I shall endeavour it, when I come to London. Sir. W. Pen much troubled upon letters come last night.

Showed me one of Dr. Owen's to his son, whereby it appears his son is much perverted in his opinion by him; which I now perceive is one thing that hath put Sir William so long off the hookes.

—*April 28, 1662, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

MR. HOLLIARD come to me, and let me blood, about sixteen ounces, I being exceeding full of blood, and very good. I begun to be sick; but, lying upon my back, I was presently well again, and did give him 5s. for his pains. After dinner, my arm tied up with a black ribbon, I walked with my wife to my brother Tom's; our boy waiting on us with his sword, which this day he begins to wear, to outdo Sir W. Pen's boy, who this day, and Sir W. Batten's, do begin to wear new liverys; but I do take mine to be the neatest of them all.

—*May 4, 1662, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

MY arm not being well, my wife to buy some things for herself, and a gowne for me to dress myself in.

—*May 5, 1662, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

LORD'S Day.—To trimming myself, which I have this week done every morning, with a pumice stone, which I learnt of Mr. March, when I was last at Portsmouth; and I find it very easy, speedy, and cleanly, and shall continue the practice of it.

—*May 25, 1662, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

TO Church, and heard a good sermon of Mr. Woodcocke's at our church; only in his latter prayer for a woman in child-bed, he prayed that God would deliver her from the hereditary curse of childe-bearing, which seemed a pretty strange expression.

—*May 25, 1662, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

HAD Sarah to comb my head clean, which I found so foul with powdering and other troubles, that I am resolved to try how I can keep my head dry without powder; and I did also in a sudden fit cut off all my beard, which I had been a great while bringing up, only that I may with my pumice stone do my whole face as I now do my

chin, and so save time, which I find a very easy way, and gentile. She also washed my feet in a bath of herbes, and so to bed.

—*May 31, 1662, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

BEFORE we slept, I telling upon discourse with Captain Cocke the manner of my being cut of the stone, which pleased him much. So to sleep.

—*Aug. 2, 1662, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

TO-NIGHT my barber sent me his man to trim me, who did live in King's Streete in Westminster lately, and tells me that three or four that I knew in that streete, tradesmen, are lately fallen mad, and some of them dead, and the others continue mad. They live all within a door or two of one another.

—*Sept. 20, 1662, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

HE tells me, that it is believed the Queen is with child, for that the coaches are ordered to ride very easily through the streets.

—*Oct. 9, 1662, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

UP betimes, and after a little breakfast, and a very poor one, like our supper, and such as I cannot feed on, because of my she-cozen Claxton's gouty hands.

—*Oct. 11, 1662, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

TO see Mr. Moore, who recovers well; and his doctor coming to him—one Dr. Merritt—we had some of his very good discourse of anatomy and other things, very pleasant.

—*Oct. 19, 1662, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

I MET Mr. Mills, who tells me that he could get nothing out of the mayde hard by, that did poison herself, before she died, but that she did it because she did not like herself, nor anything she did a great while. It seems she was well-favored enough, but crooked, and this is all she could be got to say, which is very strange.

—Oct. 28, 1662, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

TO visit Sir W. Pen, who, continues still bed-rid.

—Nov. 30, 1662, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

TO wait on my Lord Sandwich, whom I found not very well, and Dr. Clerke with him. He is feverish, and hath sent for Mr. Pierce to let him blood.

—Jan. 19, 1662–63, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

TO my Lord's, and there find him expecting his fit to-night of an ague.

—Jan 22, 1662–63, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

TO my Lord, who had his ague-fit last night, and I staid talking with him an hour alone in his chamber, about sundry publick and private matters.

—*Jan. 25, 1662–63, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

I HAVE news this day from Cambridge that my brother hath his bachelor's cap put on; but that which troubles me is, that he hath the pain of the stone, it beginning just as mine did. I pray God help him.

—*Jan. 27, 1662–63, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

TO my Lord Sandwich's, whom I find missing his ague-fit to-day, and is pretty well, playing at dice, and by this I see how time and example may alter a man.

—*Jan. 28, 1662–63, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

WHILE my wife dressed herself, Creed and I walked out to see what play was acted to-day, and we find it "The Slighted Mayde." To the Duke's house, where we saw it well acted, though the play hath little good in it, being most pleased to see the little girl dance in boy's apparel, she having very fine legs, only bends in the hams, as I perceive all women do.

—Feb. 23, 1662–63, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

ABOUT 11 o'clock, Commissioner Pett and I walked to Chyrurgeons' Hall, we being all invited thither, and promised to dine there, where we were led into the Theatre; and by and by comes the reader, Dr. Tearne, with the Master and Company, in a very handsome manner: and all being settled, he begun his lecture; and his discourse being ended, we had a fine dinner and good learned company, many Doctors of Phisique, and we used with extraordinary great respect. Among other observables, we drunk the King's health out of a gilt cup given by King Henry VIII. to this Company, with bells hanging at it, which every man is to ring by shaking, after he hath drunk up the whole cup.

—Feb. 27, 1662–63, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

BUT all the Doctors at table conclude, that there is no pain at all in hanging, for that it do stop the circulation of the blood; and so stops all sense and motion in an instant.

—Feb. 27, 1662–63, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

THIS day is five years since it pleased God to preserve me at my being cut of the stone, of which I bless God I am in all respects well.

—March 26, 1663, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

THIS being my feast, in lieu of what I should have had a few days ago, for the cutting of the stone, very merry at, before, and after dinner, and the more for that my dinner was great, and most neatly dressed by our own only mayde. We had a fricasee of rabbits, and chickens, a leg of mutton boiled, three carps in a dish, a great dish of a side of lamb, a dish of roasted pigeons, a dish of four lobsters, three tarts, a lamprey pie, a most rare pie, a dish of anchoves, good wine of several sorts, and all things mighty noble, and to my great content.

—April 4, 1663, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

WILL being gone, with my leave, to his father's this day for a day or two, to take physique these holydays.

—April 19, 1663, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

I WENT homeward, after a little discourse with Mr. Pierce, the surgeon, who tells me . . . that the other day Dr. Clarke and he did dissect two bodies, a man and a woman, before the King, with which the King was highly pleased.

—May 11, 1663, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

AFTER dinner, I went up to Sir Thomas Crewe, who lies there not very well in his head, being troubled with vapours and fits of dizzinesse.

—May 15, 1663, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

LORD'S Day.—Meeting Mr. Lewis Phillips of Brampton, he and afterwards others tell me that news come last night to Court, that the King of France is sick of the spotted fever, and that they are struck in again; and this afternoon my Lord Mandeville is gone from the King to make him a visit; which will be great news, and of great import through Europe.

—*May 24, 1663, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

THEN into the Great Garden up to the Banqueting House; and there by my Lord's glass we drew in the species very pretty.

—*May 27, 1663, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

THE King of France was given out to be poisoned and dead; but it proves to be the measles: and he is well, or likely to be soon well again.

—*May 31, 1663, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

AT table discoursing of thunder and lightning, Sir W. Rider did tell a story of his own knowledge, that a Genoese gally in Leghorne Roads was struck by thunder, so as the mast was broke a-pieces, and the shackle upon one of the slaves was melted clear off his leg without hurting his leg. Sir William went on board the vessel, and would have contributed toward the release of the slave whom Heaven had thus set free; but he could not compass it, and so he was brought to his fetters again.

—June 26, 1663, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

SO home, Sir J. Minnes and I in his coach together, talking all the way of, chymistry, wherein he do know something—at least, seems so to me, that cannot correct him.

—July 5, 1663, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

AND so, after a little bayte, I paying all the reckonings the whole journey, at Ware, to Buntingford, where my wife, by drinking some cold beer, being hot herself, presently after 'lighting begins to be sick, and become so pale, and I alone with her in a great chamber there, that I thought she would have died, and so in great horror, and having a great trial of my true love and passion for her, called the maids and mistress of the house, and so with some strong water, she come to be pretty well again; and so to bed, and I having put her to bed with great content, I called in my company, and supped in the chamber by her, and being very merry in talk, supped and then parted.

—*Sept. 14, 1663, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

WAKED with a very high wind, and said to my wife, "I pray God I hear not of the death of any great person, this wind is so high!" fearing that the Queen might be dead. So up; and going by coach with Sir W. Batten and Sir J. Minnes to St. James's, they tell me that Sir W. Compton, who it is true had been a little sickly for a week or a fortnight, but was very well upon Friday at night

last at the Tangier Committee with us, was dead,—died yesterday: at which I was most exceedingly surprised, he being, and so all the world saying that he was, one of the worthyest men and best officers of State now in England.

—*Oct. 19, 1663, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

COMING to St. James's, I hear that the Queen did sleep five hours pretty well to-night, and that she waked and gargled her mouth, and to sleep again; but that her pulse beats fast, beating twenty to the King's or my Lady Suffolk's eleven; but not so strong as it was. It seems she was so ill as to be shaved, and pidgeons put to her feet, and to have the extreme unction given her by the priests, who were so long about it that the doctors were angry. The King, they all say, is most fondly disconsolate for her, and weeps by her, which makes her weep; which one this day told me he reckons a good sign, for that it carries away some rheume from the head. This morning Captain Allen tells me how the famous Ned Mullins, by a slight fall, broke his leg at the ancle, which festered; and he had his leg cut off on Saturday, but

so ill done, notwithstanding all the great chyrurgeons about the town at the doing of it, that they fear he will not live with it.

—Oct. 19, 1663, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

BEING invited to dinner to my Lord Barkeley's, and so, not knowing how to spend out time till noon, Sir W. Batten and I took coach and to the Coffee-house in Cornhill; where much talk about the Turke's proceedings, and that the plague is got to Amsterdam, brought by a ship from Algiers; and it is also carried to Hambrough. The Duke says the King purposes to forbid any of their ships coming into the river.

—Oct. 19, 1663, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

THIS evening, at my Lord's lodgings, Mrs. Sarah talking with my wife and I how the Queen do, and how the King attends her, being so ill. She tells us that the Queen's sickness is the spotted fever; that she was as full of the spots as a leopard: which is very strange that it should be no more known; but perhaps it is not so.

—Oct. 20, 1663, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

THE Queen slept pretty well last night, but her fever continues upon her still. It seems she hath never a Portuguese doctor here. To Mr. Holliard, who tells me that Mullins is dead of his leg cut off the other day, and most basely done.

—*Oct. 23, 1663, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

THE Queen is in a good way of recovery; and Sir Francis Pridgeon hath got great honour by it, it being all imputed to his cordiall, which in her despaire did give her rest, and brought her to some hopes of recovery.

—*Oct. 24, 1663, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

DR. PIERCE tells me that the Queen is in a way to be pretty well again, but that her delirium in her head continues still; that she talks idle, not by fits, but always, which in some lasts a week after so high a fever—in some more, and in some forever; that this morning she talked mightily that she was brought to bed, and that she wondered that she should be delivered without pain and without being sick, and that she was troubled that

her boy was but an ugly boy. But the King being by said, "No, it is a very pretty boy."—"Nay," says she, "if it be like you, it is a fine boy indeed, and I would be very well pleased with it."

—Oct. 26, 1663, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

MR. COVENTRY tells me to-day that the Queen had a very good night last night; but yet it is strange that still she raves and talks of little more than of her having of children, and fancys now that she hath three children, and that the girle is very like the King. And this morning, about five o'clock, the physician, feeling her pulse, thinking to be better able to judge, she being still and asleep, waked her, and the first word she said was, "How do the children?"

—Oct. 27, 1663, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

WE went into the Buttry, and there stayed and talked, and then into the Hall again, and there wine was offered, and they drunk, I only drinking some hypocras, which do not break my vowe, it being, to the best of my present judge-

ment, only a mixed compound drink, and not any wine. If I am mistaken, God forgive me! but I do hope and think I am not.

—*Oct. 29, 1663, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

THE Queen mends apace, they say; but yet talks idle still.

—*Oct. 29, 1663, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

THE Queen continues light-headed, but in hopes to recover. The plague is much in Amsterdam, and we in fear of it here, which God defend.

—*Oct. 31, 1663, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

AT noon to the coffee-house, and there heard a long and most passionate discourse between two doctors of physick, of which one was Dr. Allen, whom I knew at Cambridge, and a couple of apothecarys: these maintaining chymistry against their Galenicall physick; and the truth is, one of the apothecarys, whom they charged most, did

speak very prettily—that is, his language and sense good, though perhaps he might not be so knowing a physician as to offer to contest with them. At last they come to some cooler terms, and broke up.

—Nov. 3, 1663, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

TO the Coffee-house, and among other things heard Sir John Cutler say, that of his own experience in time of thunder so many barrels of beer as have a piece of iron laid upon them, will not be soured, and the others will.

—Nov. 6, 1663, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

THE Queen, I hear, is now very well again, and that she hath bespoke herself a new gown.

—Nov. 10, 1663, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

AT noon to the Coffee-house, where, with Dr. Allen, some good discourse about physick and chymistry. And among other things, I telling him what Dribble, the German Doctor, do

offer of an instrument to sink ships; he tells me that which is more strange, that something made of gold, which they call in chymistry *Aurum Fulminans,* a grain, I think he said, of it, put into a silver spoon and fired, will give a blow like a musquett, and strike a hole through the silver spoon downward, without the least force upward; and this he can make a cheaper experiment of, he says, with iron prepared.

—*Nov. 11, 1663, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

MY Lord Treasurer we found in his bed-chamber, being laid up of the goute.

—*Nov. 19, 1663, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

THE plague, it seems grows more and more at Amsterdam; and we are going upon making of all ships coming from thence and Hambrough, or any other infected places, to perform their Quarantine, for thirty days, as Sir Richard Browne expressed it in the order of the order of the Council, contrary to the import of the word, though, in

the general acceptation, it signifies now the thing, not the time spent in doing it, in Holehaven; a thing never done by us before.

—*Nov. 26, 1663, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

I MET Dr. Clerke, and fell to discourse of Dr. Knapp, who tells me he is the King's physician, and is become a sollicitor for places for people, and I am mightily troubled with him. He tells me that he is the most impudent fellow in the world, that gives himself out to be the King's physician, but is not so. But I may learn what impudence there is in the world, and how a man may be deceived in persons. . . . The Queen is pretty well, and goes out of her chamber to her little chapel in the house.

—*Dec. 7, 1663, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

LUELLIN tells me that W. Symon's wife is dead, for which I am sorry, she being a good woman, and tells me an odde story of her saying before her death, being in good sense, that there stood her uncle Scobell.

—*Dec. 12, 1663, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

TO the Duke, where I heard a large discourse between one that goes over an agent from the King to Leghorne and thereabouts, to remove the inconveniences his ships are put to by denial of pratique; which is a thing that is now-a-days made use of only as a cheat, for a man to buy a bill of health for a piece of eight, and any enemy may agree with the intendent of the Santé for ten pieces of eight or so, that he shall not give me a bill of health, and so spoil me in my design, whatever it be. This the King will not endure, and so resolves, either to have it removed or to keep all ships from coming in or going out there, so long as his ships are stayed for want hereof.

—*Dec. 14, 1663, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

MY brother's man come to tell me that my cozen, Edward Pepys, was dead at Mrs. Turner's, for which my wife and I are very sorry, and the more for that his wife was the only handsome woman of our name.

—*Dec. 15, 1663, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

THE Duchesse of Yorke is fallen sick of the meazles.

—Dec. 28, 1663, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

MY father and mother well in the country; and at this time the young ladies of Hinchingbroke with them—their house having the smallpox in it. The Queen, after a long and sore sickness, is become well again.

—Dec. 31, 1663, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

THE Duchesse of Yorke is growing well again.

—Dec. 31, 1663, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

TWELFTH Day.—This morning I began a practice which I find, by the ease I do it with, that I shall continue, it saving me money and time; that is, to trimme myself with a razer: which pleases me mightily.

—Jan. 6, 1663–64, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

BY appointment, took Luellin, Mount, and W. Symons, and Mr. Pierce, the surgeon, home to dinner with me, and were merry. We spent all the afternoon together, and then to cards with my wife, who this day put on her Indian blue gown, which is very pretty. We had great pleasure this afternoon, among other things, to talk of our old passages together in Cromwell's time; and how W. Symons did make me laugh and wonder to-day when he told me how he had made shifts to keep in, in good esteem and employment, through eight governments in one year, the year 1659, which were indeed, and he did name them all; and then failed unhappy in the ninth, viz., that of the King's coming in. He made good to me the story which Luellin did tell me the other day, of his wife upon her death-bed; how she dreamt of her uncle Scobell, and did foretell, from some discourse she had with him, that she should die four days thence, and not sooner, and did all along say so, and did so.

—Jan. 8, 1663–64, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

MY eyes began to fail me, and to be in pain, which I never felt to now-a-days.

—Jan. 19, 1663–64, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

TO my brother's, whom I find not well in bed, sick, they say, of a consumption.

—Jan. 20, 1663–64, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

AT the Coffee-house, where I sat with Sir G. Ascue and William Petty, who in discourse is, methinks, one of the most rational men that ever I heard speak with a tongue, having all his notions the most distinct and clear, and did among other things, (saying, that in all his life these three books were the most esteemed and generally cried up for wit in the world—"Religio Medici," "Osborne's Advice to a Son," and "Hudibras"), say that in these—the two first principally—the wit lies, and confirming some pretty sayings, which are generally like paradoxes, by some argument smartly and pleasantly urged, which takes with people who do not trouble themselves to examine the force of an argument, which pleases them in the delivery, upon a subject which they like.

—Jan. 27, 1663–64, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

CALLED to see my brother Tom, who was not at home, though they say he is in a deep consumption, and will not live two months.

—Jan. 28, 1663–64, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

GRESHAM College he mightily laughed at, for spending time only in weighing of ayre, and doing nothing else since they sat.

—Feb. 1, 1663–64, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

MY pain do leave me without coming to any great excess; but my cold that I had got I suppose was not very great, it being only the leaving of my wastecoate unbuttoned one morning.

—Feb. 10, 1663–64, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

SHROVE Tuesday.—This day, by the blessing of God, I have lived thirty-one years in the world: and, by the grace of God, I find myself not only in good health in every thing, and particularly as to the stone, but only pain upon taking

cold, and also in a fair way of coming to a better esteem and estate in the world, than ever I expected. But I pray God give me a heart to fear a fall, and to prepare for it!

—Feb. 23, 1663–64, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

HE told the King and the ladies, plainly speaking of death and of the skulls and bones of dead men and women, how there is no difference; that nobody could tell that of the great Marius or Alexander from a pyoneer; nor, for all the pains the ladies take with their faces, he that should look in a charnel-house could not distinguish which was Cleopatra's, or fair Rosamond's, or Jane Shore's.

—March 25, 1664, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

THIS being my solemn feast for my cutting of the stone, it being now, blessed be God! this day six years since the time; and I bless God I do in all respects find myself free from that disease, or any signs of it.

—March 26, 1664, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

TO the Physique Garden in St. James's Parke; where I first saw orange trees, and other fine trees.

—April 19, 1664, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

IN the Duke's chamber there is a bird, given him by Mr. Pierce, the surgeon, come from the East Indys—black the greatest part, with the finest collar of white about the neck; but talks many things, and neyes like the horse and other things, the best almost that ever I heard bird in my life.

—April 25, 1664, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

TO see my Lady Sandwich, where we find all the children, and my Lord recovered, and the house so melancholy, that I thought my Lady had been dead, knowing that she was not well; but it seems she hath the meazles, and I fear the small-pox, poor lady.

—April 29, 1664, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

THE plague increases at Amsterdam.

—*May 4, 1664, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

MY eyes beginning every day to grow less and less able to bear with long reading or writing, though it be by daylight; which I never observed till now.

—*May 5, 1664, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

TO my Lady Sandwich's, who, good Lady, is now, thanks be to God! so well as to sit up, and sent to us, if we were not afraid to come up to her. So we did; but she was mightily against my wife's coming so near her; though, poor wretch! she is as well as ever she was, as to the meazles, and nothing can I see upon her face.

—*May 9, 1664, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

WITH Mr. Pierce, the surgeon, to see an experiment of killing a dog, by letting opium into his hind-leg. He and Dr. Clerke did fail mightily

in hitting the vein, and in effect did not do the business after many trials; but, with the little they got in the dog did presently fall asleep, and so lay till we cut him up, and a little dog also, which they put it down his throat—he also staggered first, and then fell asleep, and so continued. Whether he recovered or no, after I was gone, I know not.

—*May 16, 1664, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

TO the 'Change and Coffee House, where great talk of the Dutch preparing of sixty sail of ships. The plague grows mightily among them, both at sea and land.

—*June 22, 1664, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

LORD'S Day.—At my Lord Sandwich's; where his little daughter, my Lady Katherine, was brought, to have her cheeke looked after, which is and hath long been sore. But my Lord will rather have it be as it is, with a scarr in her face, than endanger it being worse by tampering.

—*June 26, 1664, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

PUT on a half shirt first this summer, it being very hot; and yet so ill-tempered I am grown, that I am afraid I shall catch cold, while all the world is afraid to melt away. To the Mitre, and there comes Dr. Burnett to us; and there I begun to have his advice about my disease, and then invited him to my house; and I am resolved to put myself into his hands.

—June 28, 1664, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

COMES Dr. Burnett, who did write me down some direction what to do, but not with the satisfaction I expected. I did give him a piece, with good hopes, however, that his advice will be of use to me.

—July 1, 1664, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

THE reason of Dr. Clerke's not being here was, the King being sick last night, and let blood, and so he durst not come away to-day.

—July 6, 1664, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

THENCE I and Will to see the Wells, half a mile off, and there I drunk three glasses, and walked, and come back and drunk two more: and so we rode home, round by Kingsland, Hackney, and Mile End, till we were quite weary; and, not being very well, I betimes to bed.

—*July 11, 1664, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

DR. BURNETT showed me the manner of eating turpentine, which pleases me well, for it is with great ease.

—*July 17, 1664, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

NO news, only the plague is very hot still, and encreases among the Dutch.

—*July 25, 1664, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

ABROAD to find out one to engrave my tables upon my new sliding rule with silver plates, it being so small, that Browne, that made it, cannot get one to do it. So I got Cocker, the famous

writing-master, to do it, and I set an hour by him to see him design it all; and strange it is to see him, with his natural eyes, to cut so small at his first designing it, and read it all over, without any missing, when for my life I could not, with my best skill, read one word, or letter of it; but it is use. He says, that the best light for his life to do a very small thing by, contrary to Chaucer's words to the Sun, "that as he should lend his light to them that small seals grave," it should be by an artificial light of a candle, set to advantage, as he could do it. I find the fellow, by his discourse, very ingenious: and, among other things, a great admirer of, and well read in, the English poets, and undertakes to judge of them all, and that not impertinently.

—Aug. 10, 1664, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

COME Mr. Reeve, with a microscope and scotoscope. For the first I did give him £5 10s., a great price, but a most curious bauble it is, and he says, as good, nay, the best he knows in England. The other he gives me, and is of value; and a curious curiosity it is to discover objects in a dark room with.

—August 13, 1664, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

WITH Sir J. Minnes; he talking of his cures abroad, while he was with the King as a doctor. And among others Sir J. Denham, he told me, he had cured to a miracle.

—August 15, 1664, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

SIR W. BATTEN did give me three bottles of his Essence water, which I drank, and I found myself mightily cooled with them and refreshed.

—August 17, 1664, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

LORD'S Day.—Mr. Coventry told us the Duke was gone ill of a fit of an ague to bed: so we sent this morning to see how he do.

—August 21, 1664, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

PRETTY well in health, since I left off wearing of a gowne within doors all day, and then go back with my legs into the cold, which brought me daily pain.

—August 31, 1664, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

I HAVE had a bad night's rest to-night, not sleeping well, as my wife observed; and I thought myself to be mightily bit with fleas, and in the morning she chid her maids for not looking the fleas a'days. But, when I rose, I found that it is only the change of the weather from hot to cold, which, as I was two winters ago, do stop my pores, and so my blood tingles and itches all day, all over my body.

—*Sept. 3, 1664, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

COME W. Boyer, and dined with us; but strange to see how he could not endure onyons in sauce to lamb, but was overcome with the sight of it, and so was forced to make his dinner of an egg or two.

—*Sept. 5, 1664, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

THIS afternoon, it seems, Sir J. Minnes fell sick at church, and, going down the gallery stairs, fell down dead, but come to himself again, and is pretty well.

—*Sept. 11, 1664, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

AFTER dinner, many people come in, and kept me all the afternoon; among other, the Master and Wardens of Chyrurgeons' Hall, who staid arguing their cause with me.

—Sept. 15, 1664, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

MET Mr. Pargiter, and he would needs have me drink a cup of horse-radish ale, which he and a friend of his, troubled with the stone, have been drinking of, which we did, and then walked into the fields as far almost as Sir G. Whitmore's, all the way talking of Russia, which, he says, is a sad place: . . . Women live very slavishly there, and, it seems, in the Emperor's court, no room hath above two or three windows, and those the greatest not a yard wide or high, for warmth in winter time, and that the general cure for all diseases there is their sweating-houses; or, people that are poor, they get into their ovens, being heated, and there lie.

—Sept. 16, 1664, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

HOME to bed; having got a strange cold in my head, by flinging off my hat at a dinner, and sitting with the wind in my neck.

—*Sept. 22, 1664, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

WE were told to-day of a Dutch ship of 3 or 400 tons, where all the men were dead of the plague, and the ship cast ashore at Gottenburgh.

—*Sept. 24, 1664, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

LORD'S Day.—My throat being yet very sore, and my head out of order, went not to church, but spent all the morning reading of "The Madd Lovers," a very good play. Read another play, "The Custome of the Country," which is a very poor one, methinks.

—*Sept. 25, 1664, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

COMES Mr. Cocker to see me, and I discoursed with him about his writing and ability of sight, and how I shall do to get some glass or other

to help my eyes by candlelight; and he tells me he will bring me the helps he hath, within a day or two, and show me what he do.

—*Oct. 5, 1664, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

COME Mr. Cocker, and brought me a globe of glasse and a frame of oyled paper, as I desired, to show me the manner of his gaining light to grave by, and to lessen the glaringness of it at pleasure by an oyled paper. This I bought of him, giving him a crowne for it; and so, well satisfied, he went away.

—*Oct. 7, 1664, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

THIS day, by the blessing of God, my wife and I have been married nine years: but my head, being full of business, I did not think of it to keep it in any extraordinary manner. But bless God for our long lives, and loves, and health together, which the same God long continue, I wish, from my very heart!

—*Oct. 10, 1664, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

TAKING leave, W. Joyce and I set out, calling T. Price at Bugden, and got by night to Stevenage, and there mighty merry, though I in bed more weary than the other two days, which I think, proceeded from our galloping so much; but I find that a coney skin in my breeches preserves me perfectly from galling.

—Oct. 15, 1664, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

MY little girle Susan is fallen sick of the meazles, we fear, or, at least, of a scarlett fevour.

—Nov. 10, 1664, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

CAPTAIN COCKE is made Steward for sick and wounded seamen.

—Nov. 22, 1664, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

SO ends the old year, I bless God, with great joy to me, not only from my having made so good a year of profit, as having spent £420 and laid up

£540, and upwards; but I bless God I never have been in so good plight as to my health in so very cold weather as this, nor indeed in any hot weather, these ten years, as I am at this day, and have been these four or five months. But I am at a great loss to know whether it be my hare's foote, or taking every morning of a pill of turpentine, or my having left off the wearing of a gowne.

—Dec. 31, 1664, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

WALKED to White Hall. In my way saw a woman that broke her thigh, by her heels slipping up upon the frosty street.

—Jan. 9, 1664–65, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

WITH Sir W. Pen in his coach to my Lord Chancellor's, where, by and by, Mr. Coventry; Sir W. Pen, Sir J. Lawson, Sir G. Ascue, and myself were called in to the King, there being several of the Privy Council, and my Lord Chancellor lying at length upon a couch, of the goute, I suppose; . . . So we withdrew, and the merchants were called in. Staying without, my Lord FitzHarding

come thither, and fell to discourse of Prince Rupert's disease, telling the horrible degree of its breaking out on his head. He observed, also, from the Prince, that courage is not what men take it to be, a contempt of death; for, says he, how chagrined the Prince was, the other day, when he thought he should die, having no more mind to it than another man. But, says he, some men are apt to think they shall escape than another man in fight while another is doubtfull he shall be hit. But, when the first man is sure he shall die, as now the Prince is, he is as much troubled and apprehensive of it as any man else; for, says he, since we told him that we believe he would overcome his disease, he is as merry, and swears and laughs and curses, and do all the things of a man in health, as ever he did in his life; which, methought, was a most extraordinary saying, before a great many persons there of quality.

—Jan. 15, 1664–65, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

TO my bookseller's, and there took home Hook's book of Microscopy, a most excellent piece, and of which I am very proud. Homeward, in my way buying a hare, and taking it home, which

arose upon my discourse to-day with Mr. Batten, in Westminster Hall, who showed me my mistake that my hare's foot hath not the joynt to it; and assures me he never had his cholique since he carried it about him; and it is a strange thing how fancy works, for I no sooner handled his foot, but I become very well, and so continue.

—Jan. 20, 1664–65, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

NOW mighty well, and truly I can but impute it to my fresh hare's foote.

—Jan. 21, 1664–65, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

HOME to supper, having a great cold, got on Sunday last, by sitting too long with my head bare, for Mercer to comb and wash my eares.

—Jan. 24, 1664–65, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

THENCE with Creed to Gresham College, where I had been by Mr. Povy the last week proposed to be admitted a member; and was this day admitted, by signing a book and being taken by the hand of the President, my Lord Brouncker, and some words of admittance said to me. But it is a most acceptable thing to hear their discourse, and see their experiments; which were this day on fire, and how it goes out in a place where the ayre is not free, and sooner out where the ayre is exhausted, which they showed by an engine on purpose. After this being done, they to the Crown Tavern, behind the 'Change, and there my Lord and most of the company to a club supper; Sir P. Neale, Sir R. Murray, Dr. Clerke, Dr. Whistler, Dr. Goddard, and others, of the most eminent worth. Above all, Mr. Boyle was at the meeting, and above him Mr. Hooke, who is the most, and promises the least, of any man in the world that ever I saw. Here excellent discourse till ten at night, and then home.

—*Feb. 15, 1664–65, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

THIS day, by the blessing of Almighty God, I have lived thirty-two years in the world, and

am in the best degree of health at this minute that I have been almost in my life time, and at this time in the best condition of estate that ever I was in—the Lord make me thankful.

—Feb. 23, 1664–65, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

THEN to the meeting, where Sir G. Carteret's two sons, his own, and Sir N. Slaning, were admitted of the Society: and this day I did pay my admission money, 40s., to the Society. Here was very fine discourses and experiments, but I do lack philosophy enough to understand them, and so cannot remember them. Among others, a very particular account of the making of the several sorts of bread in France, which is accounted the best place for bread in the world.

—March 1, 1665, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

TO Gresham College, and there saw several pretty experiments.

—March 8, 1665, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

ANON to Gresham College, where, among other good discourse, there was tried the great poyson of Maccassa upon a dogg, but it had no effect all the time we sat there.

—*March 15, 1665, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

THIS night, my Lady Wood died of the small-pox, and is much lamented among the great persons for a good-natured woman and a good wife.

—*March 17, 1665, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

SIR WILLIAM PETTY did tell me that in good earnest he hath in his will left some parts of his estate to him that could invent such and such things. As among others, that could discover truly the way of milk coming into the breasts of a woman; and he that could invent proper characters to express to another the mixture of relishes and tastes. And says, that to him that invents gold, he gives nothing for the philosopher's stone; for, says he, they that find out that, will be able to pay themselves. But, says he, by this means it is bet-

ter than to go to a lecture; for here my executors, that must part with this, will be sure to be well convinced of the invention before they do part with their money.

—March 22, 1665, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

THENCE to Gresham College, and there did see a kitling killed almost quite, but that we could not kill her, with such a way: the ayre out of a receiver, wherein she was put, and then the ayre being let in upon her, revives her immediately—nay, and this ayre is to be made by putting together a liquor and some body that ferments—the steam of that do do the work.

—March 22, 1665, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

LORD'S Day and Easter Day.—With my wife to church. Home to dinner, my wife and I, Mercer staying the Sacrament, alone. This is the day seven years which, by the blessing of God, I have survived of my being cut of the stone, and am now in very perfect good health, and have long been; and though the last winter hath been as

hard a winter as any have been these many years, yet I never was better in my life, nor have not, these ten years, gone colder in the summer that I have done all this winter, wearing only a doublet, and a waistcoat cut open on the back; abroad, a cloak, and within doors a coat I slipped on. Now I am at a loss to know whether it be my hare's foot which is my preservation; for I never had a fit of the collique since I wore it, or whether it be my taking of a pill of turpentine every morning.

—March 26, 1665, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

AND so, being very pleasant at dinner, away home, Creed with me, and there met Povy; and we to Gresham College, where we saw some experiments upon a hen, a dog, and a cat, of the Florence poyson. The first it made for a time drunk, but it come to itself again quickly; the second it made vomit mightily, but no other hurt. The third I did not stay to see the effect of it.

—April 19, 1665, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

GREAT fears of the sicknesse here in the City, it being said that two or three houses are already shut up. God preserve us all!

—April 30, 1665, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

MY Lord Chief-Justice Hide did die suddenly this week, a day or two ago, of an apoplexy.

—May 3, 1665, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

TO the Coffee-house, where all the news is of the Dutch being gone out, and of the plague growing upon us in this town; and of remedies against it: some saying one thing, and some another.

—May 24, 1665, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

THIS day, much against my will, I did in Drury Lane see two or three houses marked with a red cross upon the doors, and "Lord have mercy upon us!" writ there; which was a sad sight to me, being the first of the kind that, to my remem-

brance, I ever saw. It put me into an ill conception of myself and my smell, so that I was forced to buy some roll-tobacco to smell to and chaw, which took away the apprehension.

—*June 7, 1665, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

AT one at home to dinner—my wife, mother, and Mercer dining at W. Joyce's; I giving her a caution to go round by the Half Moone to his house, because of the plague.

—*June 8, 1665, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

HOME, where my people busy to make ready a supper against night for some guests, in lieu of my stone-feasts.

—*June 9, 1665, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

IN the evening home to supper; and there, to my great trouble, hear that the plague is come into the City, though it hath, these three or four weeks since its beginning, been wholly out of the City;

but where should it begin but in my good friend and neighbour's, Dr. Burnett, in Fenchurch Street: which, in both points, troubles me mightily.

—*June 10, 1665, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

THEY being gone, I out of doors a little, to show, forsooth, my new suit. I saw poor Dr. Burnett's door shut; but he hath, I hear, gained great goodwill among his neighbours: for he discovered it himself first, and caused himself to be shut up of his own accord: which was very handsome.

—*June 11, 1665, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

THE town grows very sickly, and people to be afraid of it: there dying this last week of the plague 112, from 43 the week before; whereof but one in Fenchurch Streete, and one in Broad Streete, by the Treasurer's office.

—*June 15, 1665, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

IT struck me very deep this afternoon going with a hackney coach from Lord Treasurer's down Holborne, the coachman I found to drive easily and easily, at last stood still, and come down hardly able to stand, and told me that he was suddenly struck very sick, and almost blind—he could not see; so I 'light, and went into another coach, with a sad heart for the poor man and for myself also, lest he should have been struck with the plague. Sir John Lawson, I hear, is worse than yesterday: the King went to see him to-day most kindly. It seems his wound is not very bad; but he hath a fever, a thrush, and a hickup, all three together, which are, it seems, very bad symptoms.

—June 17, 1665, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

THENCE to see Sir J. Lawson, who is better, but continues ill—his hickup not being yet gone, could have little discourse with him.

—June 19, 1665, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

THIS day I informed myself that there died four of five at Westminster of the plague, in several houses, upon Sunday last, in Bell Alley, over against the Palace-gate: yet people do think that the number will be fewer in the town than it was the last week.

—*June 20, 1665, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

HOME, by hackney-coach, which is become a very dangerous passage now-a-days, the sickness encreasing mightily.

—*June 23, 1665, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

THE plague encreases mightily, I this day seeing a house, at a bitt-maker's, over against St. Clement's Church, in the open street, shut up: which is a sad sight.

—*June 27, 1665, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

IN my way to Westminster Hall, I observed several plague-houses in King's Street and near the Palace.

—*June 28, 1665, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

BY water to White Hall, where the Court full of waggons and people ready to go out of town. This end of the town every day grows very bad of the plague. The Mortality Bill is come to 267; which is about ninety more than the last: and of these but four in the City, which is a great blessing to us.

—June 29, 1665, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

HOME; calling at Somerset House, where all were packing up too: the Queen-Mother setting out for France this day, to drink Bourbon waters this year, she being in a consumption; and intends not to come till winter come twelvemonths.

—June 29, 1665, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

THUS this book of two years ends. Myself and family in good health, consisting of myself and wife, Mercer, her woman, Mary, Alice, and Susan, our maids, and Tom, my boy. In a sickly time of the plague growing on.

—June 30, 1665, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

TO Westminster, where, I hear, the sickness encreases greatly. Sad at the news, that seven or eight houses in Burying Hall Street are shut up of the plague.

—*July 1, 1665, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

THE season growing so sickly, that it is much to be feared how a man can escape having a share with others in it, for which the good Lord God bless me! or make me fitted to receive it.

—*July 3, 1665, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

BY water to Woolwich, where I found my wife come, and her two maids, and very prettily accommodated they will be; and I left them going to supper, grieved in my heart to part with my wife, being worse by much without her, though some trouble there is in having the care of a family at home this plague time.

—*July 5, 1665, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

I COULD not see Lord Brouncker, nor had much mind, one of the two great houses within two doors of him being shut up: and, Lord! the number of houses visited, which this day I observed through the town, quite round in my way, by Long Lane and London Wall.

—*July 6, 1665, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

LORD'S Day.—To Sir G. Carteret, and there find my Lady in her chamber, not very well, but looks the worst almost that ever I did see her in my life. It seems her drinking of the water at Tunbridge did almost kill her.

—*July 9, 1665, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

AND, having promised Harman yesterday, I to his house. . . . The most observable thing I found there to my content, was to hear him and his clerk tell me, that in this parish of Michell's Cornhill, one of the middlemost parishes, and a great one of the town, there hath, notwithstanding this sickliness, been buried of any disease, man, woman, or child, not one for thirteen months last

past; which is very strange. And the like, in a good degree in most other parishes, I hear, saving only of the plague in them.

—July 9, 1665, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

ABOVE 700 died of the plague this week.

—July 13, 1665, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

I WAS much troubled this day to hear, at Westminster, how the officers do bury the dead in the open Tuttle-fields, pretending want of room elsewhere; whereas the new chapel church-yard was walled-in at the publick charge in the last plague-time, merely for want of room; and now none, but such as are able to pay dear for it, can be buried there.

—July 18, 1665, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

WALKED to Redriffe, where I hear the sickness is, and indeed is scattered almost everywhere, there dying 1089 of the plague this week. My Lady Carteret did this day give me a bottle of plague-water home with me.

—*July 20, 1665, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

LORD! to see how the plague spreads! it being now all over King's Streete, at the Axe, and next door to it, and in other places.

—*July 20, 1665, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

LATE in my chamber, setting some papers in order; the plague growing very raging, and my apprehensions of it great.

—*July 21, 1665, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

TO Fox-hall, where to the Spring garden; but I do not see one guest there, the town being so empty of anybody to come thither. Only, while I was there, a poor woman come to scold with the

master of the house that a kinswoman, I think, of her's, that was nearly dead of the plague, might be buried in the church-yard; for, for her part, she should not be buried in the commons, as they said she should. I by coach home, not meeting with but two coaches and but two carts from White Hall to my own house, that I could observe, and the streets mighty thin of people. I met this noon with Dr. Burnett, who told me, and I find in the news-book this week that he posted upon the 'Change, that whoever did spread the report that, instead of dying of the plague, his servant was by him killed, it was forgery, and shewed me the acknowledgment of the Master of the pest-house, that his servant died of a bubo on his right groine, and two spots on his right thigh, which is the plague.

—*July 22, 1665, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

OUR good humour in everybody continuing, I slept till seven o'clock. Sad the story of the plague in the City, it growing mightily. This day my Lord Brouncker did give me Grant's book upon the Bills of Mortality, new printed and en-

larged. To my office: thence by coach to the Duke of Albemarle's, not meeting one coach, going nor coming.

—*July 25, 1665, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

SAD news of the death of so many in the parish of the plague, forty last night. The bell always going. . . . This day poor Robin Shaw at Backewell's died, and Backewell himself now in Flanders. The King himself asked about Shaw, and being told he was dead, said he was very sorry for it. The sickness is got into our parish this week, and is got, indeed, every where; so that I begin to think of setting things in order, which I pray God enable me to put, both as to soul and body.

—*July 26, 1665, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

AT home met the weekly Bill, where above 100 encreased in the Bill; and of them, in all, about 1700 of the pleague, which hath made the officers this day resolve of sitting at Deptford, which puts me to some consideration what to do.

—*July 27, 1665, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

TO DAGENHAMS; . . . But, Lord! to see in what fear all the people here do live. How they are afraid of us that come to them, insomuch that I am troubled at it, and wish myself away. But some cause they have; for the chaplain, with whom, but a week or two ago, we were here mighty high disputing, is since fallen into a fever, and dead, being gone hence to a friend's a good way off. A sober and a healthful man.

—July 28, 1665, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

IT was a sad noise to hear our bell to toll and ring so often to-day, either for deaths or burials; I think, five or six times.

—July 30, 1665, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

ANON the coach comes: in the mean time, there coming a News thither with his horse to go over, that told us he did come from Islington this morning; and that Proctor, the vintner, of the Miter, in Wood Street, and his son, are dead this morning there, of the plague: he having laid out

abundance of money there, and was the greatest vintner for some time in London for great entertainments.

—*July 31, 1665, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

THUS we end this month, as I said, after the greatest glut of content that ever I had; only under some difficulty because of the plague, which grows mightily upon us, the last week being about 1,700 or 1,800 of the plague.

—*July 31, 1665, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

THENCE down, and Mr. Brisband and I to billiards: anon come my Lord and Sir G. Carteret in, who have been looking abroad and visiting some farms that Sir G. Carteret hath thereabouts, and, among other things, report the greatest stories of the bigness of the calfes they find there, ready to sell to the butchers—as big, they say, as little cowes, and that they do give them a piece of chalke to licke, which they hold makes them white in the flesh within.

—*Aug. 1, 1665, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

UP, it being a public fast, as being the first Wednesday of the month, for the plague; within doors all day, and upon my monthly accounts late. I did find myself really worth £1,900, for which the great God of Heaven and Earth be praised!

—Aug. 2, 1665, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

AND so to the ferry, where I was forced to stay a great while before I could get my horse brought over, and then mounted, and rode very finely to Dagenhams; all the way, people, citizens, walking to and fro, enquire how the plague is in the City this week by the Bill; which, by chance, at Greenwich, I had heard was 2,020 of the plague, and 3,000 and odd, of all diseases; but methought it was a sad question to be so often asked me.

—Aug. 3, 1665, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

MR. MARR telling me, by the way, how a maid servant of Mr. John Wright's, who lives thereabouts, falling sick of the plague, she was removed to an outhouse, and a nurse appointed to look to her; who, being once absent, the maid got

out of the house at the window, and run away. The nurse coming and knocking, and, having no answer, believed she was dead, and went and told Mr. Wright so; who and his lady were in great straight what to do to get her buried. At last, resolved to go to Burntwood, hard by, being in the parish, and there get people to do it. But they would not: so he went home full of trouble, and in the way met the wench walking over the common, which frightened him worse than before; and was forced to send people to take her, which he did; and they got one of the pest-coaches, and put her into it, to carry her to a pest-house.

—*Aug. 3, 1665, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

TO my office a little, and then to the Duke of Albemarle's, about some business. The streets empty all the way, now, even in London, which is a sad sight. And to Westminster Hall, where talking, hearing very sad stories from Mrs. Mumford; among others, of Mr. Mitchell's son's family. And poor Will., that used to sell us ale at the Hall-door, his wife and three children died, all, I think, in a day. So home, through the City again, wishing I may have taken no ill in going; but I will go, I think, no more thither.

—*Aug. 8, 1665, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

BY and by to the office, where we sat all the morning; in great trouble to see the Bill this week rise so high, to above 4,000 in all, and of them above 3,000 of the plague. Home, to draw over anew my will, which I had bound myself by oath to dispatch by to-morrow night; the town growing so unhealthy, that a man cannot depend upon living two days.

—Aug. 10, 1665, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

THE people die so, that now it seems they are fain to carry the dead to be buried by daylight, the nights not sufficing to do it in. And my Lord Mayor commands people to be within at nine at night all, as they say, that the sick may have liberty to go abroad for ayre. There is one also dead out of one of our ships at Deptford, which troubles us mightily—the *Providence*, fire-ship, which was just fitted to go to sea; But they tell me, to-day, no more sick on board. And this day W. Bodham tells me that one is dead at Woolwich, not far from the Rope-yard. I am told, too, that a wife of one of the groomes at Court is dead at Salisbury; so that the King and Queen are speedily to be all gone to Wilton. So God preserve us!

—Aug. 12, 1665, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

LORD'S Day.—It being very wet all day, clearing all matters, and giving instructions in writing to my executors, thereby perfecting the whole business of my will, to my very great joy; so that I shall be in much better state of soul, I hope, if it should please the Lord to call me away this sickly time. I find myself worth, besides Brampton estates, the sum of £2,164, for which the Lord be praised!

—Aug. 13, 1665, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

GREAT fears we have that the plague will be a great Bill this week.

—Aug. 14, 1665, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

IT was dark before I could get home, and so land at Church-yard stairs, where, to my great trouble, I met a dead corps of the plague, in the narrow alley, just bringing down a little pair of stairs. But I thank God I was not much disturbed at it. However, I shall beware of being late abroad again.

—Aug. 15, 1665, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

TO the Exchange, where I have not been a great while. But, Lord! how sad a sight it is to see the streets empty of people, and very few upon the 'Change! Jealous of every door that one sees shut up, lest it should be the plague; and about us two shops in three, if not more, generally shut up. This day, I had the ill news from Dagenhams, that my poor Lord of Hinchingbroke his indisposition is turned to the smallpox. Poor gentleman! that he should be come from France so soon to fall sick, and of that disease too, when he should be gone to see a fine lady, his mistress! I am most heartily sorry for it.

—Aug. 16, 1665, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

LATE in the dark to Gravesend, where great is is the plague, and troubled to stay there so long for the tide.

—Aug. 18, 1665, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

SO to sleep; being very well, but weary, and the better by having carried with me a bottle of strong water; whereof, now and then, a sip did me good.

—Aug. 19, 1665, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

THENCE with a lanthorn, in great fear of meeting of dead corpses, carrying to be buried; but, blessed be God! met none, but did see now and then a link, which is the mark of them, at a distance.

—*Aug. 20, 1665, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

MESSENGERS went to get a boat for me, to carry me to Woolwich, but all to no purpose: so I was forced to walk it in the dark, at ten o'clock at night, with Sir J. Minnes's George with me, being mightily troubled for fear of the doggs at Coome farme, and more for fear of rogues by the way, and yet more because of the plague which is there, which is very strange, it being a single house, all alone from the town, but it seems they use to admit beggars, for their own safety, to lie in their barns, and they brought it to them.

—*Aug. 21, 1665, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

I WENT away, and walked to Greenwich, in my way seeing a coffin with a dead body therein, dead of the plague, lying in an open close belong-

ing to Coome farme, which was carried out last night, and the parish have not appointed any body to bury it; but only set a watch there all day and night, that nobody should go thither or come thence: this disease making us more cruel to one another than we are to dogs. Walked to Redriffe, troubled to go through the little lane where the plague is, but did, and took water and home, where all well.

—*Aug. 22, 1665, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

THIS day I am told that Dr. Burnett, my physician, is this morning dead of the plague; which is strange, his man dying so long ago, and his house this month open again. Now himself dead. Poor unfortunate man!

—*Aug. 25, 1665, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

BY water home, in my way seeing a man taken up dead, out of the hold of a small catch that lay at Deptford. I doubt it might be the plague,

which, with the thought of Dr. Burnett, did something disturb me. So home, sooner than ordinary, and, after supper, to read melancholy alone, and then to bed.

—*Aug. 26, 1665, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

TO Mr. Colvill, the goldsmith's, having not for some days been in the streets; but now how few people I see, and those looking like people that had taken leave of the world.

—*Aug. 28, 1665, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

TO Greenwich, and called at Sir Theophilus Biddulph's, a sober, discreet man, to discourse of the preventing of the plague in Greenwich, and Woolwich, and Deptford, where in every place it begins to grow very great.

—*Aug. 29, 1665, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

ABROAD, and met with Hadley, our clerke, who, upon my asking how the plague goes, told me it encreases much, and much in our parish; for, says he, there died nine this week, though I have returned but six: which is a very ill practice, and makes me think it is so in other places; and therefore the plague much greater than people take it to be. I went forth, and walked towards Moorefields to see, God forgive my presumption! whether I could see any dead corpse going to the grave; but, as God would have it, did not. But, Lord! how every body's looks, and discourse in the street, is of death, and nothing else; and few people going up and down, that the town is like a place distressed and forsaken.

—*Aug. 30, 1665, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

UP: and, after putting several things in order to my removal, to Woolwich; the plague having a great encrease this week, beyond all expectation, of almost 2,000, making the general Bill 7,000, odd 100; and the plague above 6,000. Thus this month ends with great sadness upon the publick, through the greatness of the plague everywhere through the kingdom almost. Every day sadder

and sadder news of its encrease. In the City died this week 7,496, and of them 6,102 of the plague. But it is feared that the true number of the dead this week is near 10,000; partly from the poor that cannot be taken notice of, through the greatness of the number, and partly from the Quakers and others that will not have any bell ring for them.

—*Aug. 31, 1665, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

AS to myself, I am very well, only in fear of the plague, and as much of an ague, by being forced to go early and late to Woolwich, and my family to lie there continually.

—*Aug. 31, 1665, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

LORD'S Day.—Up, and put on my coloured silk suit very fine, and my new periwigg, bought a good while since, but durst not wear, because the plague was in Westminster when I bought it; and it is a wonder what will be the fashion after the plague is done, as to periwiggs, for nobody will dare to buy any haire, for fear of the infection, that it had been cut off the heads of people dead of the plague.

—*Sept. 3, 1665, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

AMONG other stories, one was very passionate, methought, of a complaint brought against a man in the town, for taking a child from London from an infected house. Alderman Hooker told us it was the child of a very able citizen in Gracious Street, a saddler, who had buried all the rest of his children of the plague, and himself and wife now being shut up in despair of escaping, did desire only to save the life of this little child; and so prevailed to have it received stark-naked into the arms of a friend, who brought it, having put it into new fresh clothes, to Greenwich; where, upon hearing the story, we did agree it should be permitted to be received and kept in the town.

—*Sept. 3, 1665, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

TO London, to pack up more things; and there I saw fires burning in the street, as it is through the whole City, by the Lord Mayor's order. Thence by water to the Duke of Albemarle's: all the way fires on each side of the Thames, and strange to see in broad daylight two or three burials upon the bankside, one at the very heels of another: doubtless, all of the plague; and yet at least forty or fifty people going along with every one of them.

—*Sept. 6, 1665, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

TO the Tower, and there sent for the Weekly Bill, and find 8,252 dead in all, and of them 6,978 of the plague; which is a most dreadful number, and shows reason to fear that the plague hath got that hold that it will yet continue among us.

—*Sept. 7, 1665, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

THE decrease of 500 and more, which is the first decrease we have yet had in the sickness since it begun; and great hopes that the next week it will be greater.

—*Sept. 14, 1665, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

WITH Captain Cocke, and there drank a cup of good drink, which I am fain to allow myself during this plague time, by advice of all, and not contrary to my oath, my physician being dead, and chyrurgeon out of the way, whose advice I am obliged to take. In much pain to think what I shall do this winter time; for going every day to Woolwich I cannot, without endangering my life; and staying from my wife at Greenwich is not handsome.

—*Sept. 15, 1665, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

BUT, Lord! what a sad time it is to see no boats upon the river; and grass grows all up and down White Hall court, and nobody but poor wretches in the streets! And, which is the worst of all, the Duke showed us the number of the plague this week, brought in the last night from the Lord Mayor; that it encreased about 600 more than the last, which is quite contrary to our hopes and expectations, from the coldness of the late season. For the whole general number is 8,297, and of them the plague 7,165; which is more in the whole, by above 50, than the biggest Bill yet: which is very grievous to us all. I find Sir W. Batten and his lady gone home to Walthamstow, with some necessity, hearing that a maid-servant of their's is taken ill.

—*Sept. 20, 1665, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

HERE I saw this week's Bill of Mortality, wherein, blessed be God! there is above 1,800 decrease, being the first considerable decrease we have had.

—*Sept. 27, 1665, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

SIR Martin Noell is this day dead of the plague, in London, where he hath lain sick of it these eight days.

—*Sept. 29, 1665, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

THE great burden we have upon us at this time at the office, is the providing for prisoners and sick men that are recovered, they lying before our office doors all night and all day, poor wretches.

—*Sept. 30, 1665, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

I DO end this month with the greatest content, and may say that these last three months, for joy, health, and profit, have been much the greatest that ever I received all my life in any twelve months, having nothing upon me but the consideration of the sickliness of the season to mortify me.

—*Sept. 30, 1665, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

THIS night comes Sir George Smith to see me at the office, and tells me how the plague is decreased this week 740, for which God be praised! but that it encreases at our end of the town still.

—*Oct. 4, 1665, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

THEN to Mr. Evelyn's, to discourse of our confounded business of prisoners, and sick and wounded seamen, wherein he and we are so much put out of order.

—*Oct. 6, 1665, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

TALKING with him in the highway, come close by the bearers with a dead corpse of the plague; but, Lord! to see what custom is, that I am come almost to think nothing of it.

—*Oct. 7, 1665, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

TO the office, where ended my business with the Captains; and I think, of twenty-two ships, we shall make shift to get out seven, God help us! men being sick, or provisions lacking.

—*Oct. 8, 1665, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

AND they tell us that, in Westminster, there is never a physician and but one apothecary left, all being dead; but that there are great hopes of a great decrease this week: God send it!

—*Oct. 16, 1665, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

TO the Still Yard, which place, however, is now shut up of the plague; but I was there, and we now make no bones of it.

—*Oct. 17, 1665, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

THE 'Change pretty full, and the town begins to be lively again, though the streets very empty, and most shops shut.

—*Oct. 26, 1665, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

LORD'S Day.—In the street, at Woolwich, did overtake and almost run upon two women crying and carrying a man's coffin between them; I suppose the husband of one of them, which, methinks, is a sad thing.

—Oct. 29, 1665, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

MEETING yesterday the Searchers, with their rods in their hands, coming from Captain Cocke's house, I did overhear them say that his Black did not die of the Plague.

—Oct. 31, 1665, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

THUS we end the month merrily; and the more that, after some fears that the plague would have increased again this week, I hear for certain that there is above 400 less; the whole number of deaths being 1388, and of them of the plague 1031.

—Oct. 31, 1665, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

I HEAR that one of the little boys at my lodging is not well; and they suspect, by their sending for plaister and fume, that it may be the plague; so I sent Mr. Hater and W. Hewer to speak with the mother; but they returned to me, satisfied that there is no hurt nor danger, but the boy is well, and offers to be searched.

—Nov. 4, 1665, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

LORD'S Day.—To the Cocke-pitt, where I heard the Duke of Albemarle's chaplain make a simple sermon: among other things, reproaching the imperfection of humane learning, he cried—"All our physicians cannot tell what an ague is, and all our arithmetique is not able to number the days of a man"—which, God knows, is not the fault of arithmetique, but that our understandings reach not the thing. I hear that the plague increases much at Lambeth, St. Martin's, and Westminster, and fear it will all over the city.

—Nov. 5, 1665, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

IT being a fast-day, all people were at church, and the office quiet: so I did much business, and at noon adventured to my old lodging. By water to Deptford, and, about eight o'clock at night, did take water, being glad I was out of the town; for the plague, it seems, rages there more than ever.

—Nov. 8, 1665, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

THE Bill of Mortality, to all our griefs, is encreased 399 this week, and the encrease generally through the whole City and suburbs, which makes us all sad.

—Nov. 9, 1665, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

CAPTAIN COCKE and I in his coach through Kent Streete, a sad place through the plague, people sitting sick and with plaisters about them in the street begging.

—Nov. 14, 1665, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

THIS day I hear that my pretty grocer's wife, Mrs. Beverham, over the way there, her husband is lately dead of the plague at Bow, which I am sorry for, for fear of losing her neighbourhood.

—*Nov. 14, 1665, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

THE plague, blessed be God! is decreased 400; making the whole this week about 1300 and odd: for which the Lord be praised!

—*Nov. 15, 1665, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

I WAS very glad to hear that the plague is come very low; that is, the whole under 1000, and the plague 600 and odd: and great hopes of a further decrease, because of this day's being a very exceeding hard frost, and continues freezing.

—*Nov. 22, 1665, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

TO London, and there, in my way, at my old oyster shop in Gracious Streete, brought two barrels of my fine woman of the shop, who is

alive after all the plague, which now is the first observation or inquiry we make at London concerning everybody we know. To the 'Change, where very busy with several people, and mightily glad to see the 'Change so full, and hopes of another abatement still the next week. I went home with Sir G. Smith to dinner, sending for one of my barrels of oysters, which were good, though come from Colchester, where the plague hath been so much.

—Nov. 24, 1665, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

GREAT joy we have this week in the weekly Bill, it being come to 544 in all, and but 333 of the plague; so that we are encouraged to get to London soon as we can. And my father writes as great news of joy to them, that he saw York's waggon go again this week to London, and full of passengers; and tells me that my aunt Bell hath been dead of the plague these seven weeks.

—Nov. 30, 1665, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

TO Mr. Pierce's, where he and his wife made me drink some tea. Away to the 'Change, and there hear the ill news, to my great and all our great trouble, that the plague is encreased again this week, notwithstanding there hath been a long day or two great frosts; but we hope it is only the effects of the late close, warm weather, and, if the frost continue the next week, may fall again: but the town do thicken so much with people, that it is much if the plague do not grow again upon us.

—*Dec. 13, 1665, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

THE weather hath been frosty these eight or nine days, and so we hope for an abatement of the plague the next week, or else God have mercy upon us! for the plague will certainly continue the next year, if it do not.

—*Dec. 22, 1665, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

HOME to my wife, and angry about her desiring a maid yet, before the plague is quite over.

—*Dec. 27, 1665, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

BUT now the plague is abated almost to nothing, and I intending to get to London as fast as I can.

—*Dec. 31, 1665, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

MY whole family hath been well all this while, and all my friends I know of, saving my aunt Bell, who is dead, and some children of my cozen Sarah's, of the plague. But many of such as I know very well, dead; yet, to our great joy, the town fills apace, and shops begin to be open again. Pray God continue the plague's decrease! for that keeps the Court away from the place of business, and so all goes to rack as to publick matters, they at this distance not thinking of it.

—*Dec. 31, 1665, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

ITO the Duke of Albemarle and back again: and, at the Duke's, with great joy, I received the good news of the decrease of the plague this week to 70, and but 253 in all; which is the least Bill hath been known these twenty years in the City,

though the want of people in London is it, that must make it so low, below the ordinary number for Bills.

—*Jan. 3, 1665–66, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

THEN to dancing and supper, and mighty merry till Mr. Rolt come in, whose pain of the toothache made him no company, and spoilt ours: so he away, and then my wife's teeth fell of aching, and she to bed. So forced to break up all with a good song, and so to bed.

—*Jan. 3, 1665–66, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

TO the office, where we met first since the plague, which God preserve us in!

—*Jan. 9, 1665–66, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

THE plague is encreased this week from seventy to eighty-nine.

—*Jan. 10, 1665–66, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

AND pretty merry, though not perfectly so, because of the fear that there is of a great encrease again of the plague this week.

—Jan. 13, 1665–66, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

MIGHTILY troubled at the news of the plague's being encreased, and was much the saddest news that the plague hath brought me from the beginning of it; because of the lateness of the year, and the fear we may with reason have of its continuing with us the next summer. The total being now 375, and the plague 158.

—Jan. 16, 1665–66, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

THE first meeting of Gresham College since the plague. Dr. Goddard did fill us with talk, in defence of his and his fellow physicians going out of town in the plague-time; saying, that their particular patients were most gone out of town, and they left at liberty; and a great deal more. But what, among other fine discourse, pleased me most, was Sir G. Ent, about respiration; that it is

not to this day known, or concluded on, among physicians, nor to be done either, how the action is managed by nature, or for what use it is.

—Jan. 22, 1665–66, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

GOOD news beyond all expectation of the decrease of the plague, being now but 79, and the whole but 272. So home with comfort to bed.

—Jan. 23, 1665–66, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

TO White Hall, and, to my great joy, people begin to bustle up and down there, the King holding his resolution to be in town to-morrow, and hath good encouragement, blessed be God! to do so, the plague being decreased this week to 56, and the total to 227.

—Jan. 31, 1665–66, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

MY wife tells me my aunt James is lately dead of the stone.

—Feb. 4, 1665–66, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

TO supper, and to bed, being now-a-days, for these four or five months, mightily troubled with my snoring in my sleep, and know not how to remedy it.

—Feb. 10, 1665–66, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

COMES Mr. Caesar, my boy's lute-master, whom I have not seen since the plague before, but he hath been in Westminster all this while, very well; and tells me, in the height of it, how bold people there were, to go in sport to one another's burials; and in spite, too, ill people would breathe in the faces, out of their windows, of well people going by.

—Feb. 12, 1665–66, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

ILL news this night, that the plague is encreased this week, and in many places else about the town, and at Chatham and elsewhere.

—Feb. 13, 1665–66, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

TO White Hall. . . . Thence took coach, and home, calling by the way at my bookseller's for a book writ about twenty years ago in prophecy of this year coming on, 1666, explaining it to be the mark of the beast.

—Feb. 18, 1665–66, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

UP, and to the office; where, among other businesses, Mr. Evelyn's proposition about publick Infirmarys was read and agreed on, he being there: and at noon I took him home to dinner, being desirous of keeping my acquaintance with him; and a most excellent humoured man I still find him, and mighty knowing.

—Feb. 20, 1665–66, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

THENCE with my Lord Brouncker to Gresham College, the first time after the sickness that I was there, and the second time any met.

—Feb. 21, 1665–66, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

WE are much troubled that the sickness in general, the town being so full of people, should be but three, and yet of the particular disease of the plague there should be ten encrease.

—Feb. 22, 1665–66, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

SO I supped, and was merry at home all the evening, and then rather it being my birthday 33 years, for which God be praised that I am in so good a condition of health and estate, and everything else as I am, beyond expectation, in all.

—Feb. 23, 1665–66, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

BLESSED be God! a good Bill this week we have; being but 237 in all, and 42 of the plague, and of them but six in the City: though my Lord Brouncker says, that these six are most of them in new parishes, where they were not the last week.

—March 1, 1666, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

THE plague encreased this week 29 from 28, though the total fallen from 238 to 207.

—*March 13, 1666, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

HOME, having a great cold; so to bed, drinking butter-ale.

—*March 17, 1666, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

TO the Duke of York, and did our usual business with him; but, Lord! how anything is yielded presently, even by Sir W. Coventry, that is propounded by the Duke, as now to have Troutbecke, his old surgeon, intended to go Surgeon-General to the fleete, to go Physician-General of the fleete, of which there never was any precedent in the world, and he for that to have £20 per month.

—*March 21, 1666, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

MEETING Dr. Allen, the physician, he, and I, and another walked in the Park, a most pleasant, warm day, and to the Queen's chapel;

where I do not so dislike the musick. Here I saw on a post an invitation to all good Catholicks to pray for the soul of such a one departed this life. The Queen, I hear, do not yet hear of the death of her mother, she being in a course of physick, that they dare not tell it her.

—*April 1, 1666, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

THE plague is, to our great grief, encreased nine this week, though decreased a few in the total. And this encrease runs through many parishes, which makes us much fear the next year.

—*April 5, 1666, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

THE Court full this morning of the news of Tom Cheffin's death, the King's closet-keeper. He was as well last night as ever, playing at tables in the house, and not very ill this morning at six o'clock, yet dead before seven: they think, of an imposthume in his breast. But it looks fearfully among people now-a-days, the plague, as we hear, encreasing every where again.

—*April 8, 1666, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

THE plague, I hear, encreases in the town much, and exceedingly in the country everywhere.

—*April 23, 1666, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

THE plague, blessed be God! is decreased sixteen this week.

—*April 25, 1666, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

WEARY to bed, after having my hair of my head cut shorter, even close to my skull, for coolness, it being mighty hot weather.

—*April 29, 1666, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

SO ends this month with great layings-out. Good health and gettings, and advanced well in the whole of my estate, for which God make me thankful!

—*April 30, 1666, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

UP, and to send up and down for a nurse to take the girle home, and would have given anything. I offered, to the only one that we could get, 20s. per week, and we to find clothes, and bedding, and physick, and would have given 30s., as demanded, but desired an hour or two's time.

—May 3, 1666, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

THIS day come home again my little girle Susan, her sickness proving an ague, and she had a fit soon almost as she come home. The fleete is not yet gone from the Nore. The plague encreases in many places, and is 53 this week with us.

—May 12, 1666, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

MY right eye sore, and full of humour of late, I think, by my late change of my brewer, and having of 8s. beer.

—May 23, 1666, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

SO I down and who should it be but Mr. Daniel, all muffled up, and his face as black as the chimney, and covered with dirt, pitch, and tar, and powder, and muffled with dirty clouts, and his right eye stopped with oakum. He is come last night, at five o'clock, from the fleete, with a comrade of his that hath endangered another eye. They were set on shore at Harwich this morning, and at two o'clock, in a catch, with about twenty more wounded men from the Royall Charles.

—*June 4, 1666, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

THE Duke was forced to come to anchor on Friday, having lost his sails and rigging. No particular person spoken of to be hurt but Sir W. Clerke, who hath lost his leg, and bore it bravely. The Duke himself had a little hurt in his thigh, but signified little.

—*June 4, 1666, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

BY water to St. James's, it being a monthly fast-day for the plague.

—*June 6, 1666, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

SIR William Clerke lost his leg; and in two days died.

—June 7, 1666, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

MINGS is shot through the face, and into the shoulder, where the bullet is lodged. Young Holmes is also ill wounded, and Atber in the Rupert.

—June 8, 1666, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

THIS evening we hear that Sir Christopher Mings is dead of his late wounds; and Sir W. Coventry did commend him to me in a most extraordinary manner.

—June 10, 1666, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

I, WITH my Lady Pen and her daughter, to see Harman, whom we find lame in bed. His bones of his ancle are broke, but he hopes to do well soon.

—June 11, 1666, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

WALKED to Mrs. Bagwell's, and went into her house; but I was not a little fearful of what she told me but now, which is, that her servant was dead of the plague, and that she had new-whitened the house all below stairs, but that above stairs they are not so fit for me to go up to, they being not so. So I parted thence, with a very good will, but very civilly, and away to the water-side, and sent for a pint of sack, and drank what I would, and give the waterman the rest.

—June 13, 1666, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

UP, but in some pain of the collique. I have of late taken too much cold by washing my feet, and going in a thin silk waistcoat, without any other coat over it, and open-breasted.

—June 20, 1666, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

LATE to bed; and, while I was undressing myself, our new ugly maid Luce had like to have broke her neck in the dark, going down our upper stairs; but, which I was glad of, the poor girle did

only bruise her head, but at first did lie on the ground groaning, and drawing her breath, like one a-dying.

—June 30, 1666, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

THANKS be to God! the plague is, as I hear, increased but two this week; but in the country, in several places, it rages mightily, and particularly in Colchester, where it hath long been, and is believed will quite depopulate the place.

—July 4, 1666, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

AND then he begun to say what a great man Warcupp was, and something else, and what was that but a great lyer; and told me a story, how at table he did, they speaking about antipathys, say, that a rose touching his skin anywhere would make it rise and pimple; and, by and by the dessert coming, with roses upon it, the Duchess bid him try, and they did; but they rubbed and rubbed, but nothing would do in the world, by which his lie was found.

—July 12, 1666, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

AND so took up my wife and Betty Michell and her husband, and away into the fields, to take the ayre, as far as beyond Hackney, and so back again, in our way drinking a great deal of milke, which I drank to take away my heartburne. Home, and to bed in some pain, and fear of more. In mighty pain all night long, which I impute to the milk that I drank upon so much beer, and the cold, to my washing my feet the night before.

—*July 15, 1666, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

AND I, drinking no wine, had metheglin for the King's own drinking, which did please me mightily.

—*July 25, 1666, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

DINED at home: Mr. Hunt and his wife, who is very gallant, and newly come from Cambridge, because of the sickness, with us.

—*July 26, 1666, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

TO the Pope's Head, where my Lord Brouncker and his mistress dined, and Commissioner Pett, Dr. Charleton, and myself, were entertained with a venison pasty by Sir W. Warren. Here very pretty discourse of Dr. Charleton's, concerning Nature's fashioning every creature's teeth according to the food she intends them; and that men's, it is plain, was not for flesh, but fruit, and that he can at any time tell the food of a beast unknown by the teeth; and that all children love fruit, and none brought to flesh, but against their wills, at first.

—*July 28, 1666, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

IN Fenchurch Street met with Mr. Battersby; says he, "Do you see Dan Rawlinson's door shut up?" which I did, and wondered. "Why," says he, "after all this sickness, and himself spending all the last year in the country, one of his men is now dead of the plague, and his wife and one of his maids sick, and himself shut up;" which troubles me mightily. So home; and there do hear also from Mrs. Sarah Daniel, that Greenwich is at this time much worse than ever it was, and Deptford too: and she told us that they believed all the

town would leave the town, and come to London; which is now the receptacle of all the people from all infected places. God preserve us!

—*Aug. 6, 1666, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

I RECEIVE fresh intelligence that Deptford and Greenwich are now afresh exceedingly afflicted with the sickness more than ever.

—*Aug. 7, 1666, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

DISCOURSED with Mr. Hooke about the nature of sounds, and he did make me understand the nature of musicall sounds made by strings, mighty prettily; and told me that having come to a certain number of vibrations proper to make any tone, he is able to tell how many strokes a fly makes with her wings, those flies that hum in their flying, by the note that it answers to in musique, during their flying. That, I suppose, is a little too much refined; but his discourse in general of sound was mighty fine.

—*Aug. 8, 1666, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

TO St. James's, where we attended with the rest of my fellows on the Duke, whom I found with two or three patches upon his nose and about his right eye, which came from his being struck with the bough of a tree the other day in his hunting; and it is a wonder it did not strike out his eye.

—Aug. 8, 1666, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

MRS. Rawlinson is dead of the sickness, and her maid continues mighty ill. He himself is got out of the house. I met with Mr. Evelyn in the street, who tells me the sad condition at this very day at Deptford, for the plague, and more at Deale, within his precinct, as one of the Commissioners for sick and wounded seamen, that the towne is almost quite depopulated.

—Aug. 9, 1666, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

HOMEWARD, and hear in Fenchurch Streete, that now the maid is also dead at Mr. Rawlinson's; so that there are three deade in all, the wife, a man-servant, and maid-servant.

—Aug. 10, 1666, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

WITH Captain Erwin, discoursing about the East Indys, where he hath often been. And, among other things, he tells me how the King of Syam seldom goes out without thirty or forty thousand people with him, and not a word spoke, nor a hum or cough in the whole company to be heard. He tells me, the punishment frequently there for malefactors, is cutting off the crowne of their head, which they do very dexterously, leaving their brains bare, which kills them presently.

—*Aug. 17, 1666, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

SIR John Minnes come home to-night, not well, from Chatham, where he hath been at a pay, holding it at Upnor Castle, because of the plague so much in the towne of Chatham. He hath, they say, got an ague, being so much on the water.

—*Aug. 17, 1666, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

WAKED this morning, about six o'clock, with a violent knocking at Sir J. Minnes's door, to call up Mrs. Hammon, crying out that Sir J. Minnes is a-dying. I saw him on Saturday, after his fit of

the ague, and then he was pretty lusty, which troubles me mightily; for he is a very good, harmless, honest gentleman, though not fit for business.

—Aug. 20, 1666, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

I VISITED Sir J. Minnes, who is much impatient by this few days' sickness, and I fear indeed it will kill him.

—Aug. 20, 1666, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

SIR J. Minnes had a very bad fit this day, and a hickup do take him, which is a very bad sign.

—Aug. 26, 1666, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

SO down to Deptford again, to fetch the rest, and there eat a bit of dinner at the Globe, with the master of the Bezan with me, while the labourers went to dinner. Here I hear that this poor town do bury still of the plague seven or eight in a day.

—Sept. 13, 1666, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

TROUBLED at my wife's hair coming off so much.

—*Sept. 18, 1666, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

THENCE to White Hall, with Sir W. Batten and Sir W. Pen, to Wilkes's: and there did hear many stories of Sir Henry Wood, about Lord Norwich drawing a tooth at a health.

—*Sept. 19, 1666, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

THIS day I put on two shirts, the first time this year, and do grow well upon it; so that my disease is nothing but wind.

—*Sept. 19, 1666, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

BUT Sir G. Carteret says news is come that De Ruyter is dead, or very near it, of a hurt in his mouth, upon the discharge of one of his own guns; which puts him into a fever, and he likely to die, if not already dead.

—*Sept. 20, 1666, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

DE RUYTER is not dead, but like to do well.
—*Sept. 27, 1666, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

TO dinner alone with my brother, with whom I had now the first private talk I have had, and find he hath preached but twice in his life. I did give him some advice to study pronunciation, but I do fear he will never make a good speaker, nor, I fear, any general good scholar; for I do not see that he minds optickes or mathematiques of any sort, nor anything else that I can find. I know not what he may be at divinity and ordinary school-learning. However, he seems sober, and that pleases me.
—*Oct. 17, 1666, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

AND so, it being very cold, to White Hall, and was mighty fearfull of an ague, my vest being new and thin, and the coat cut not to meet before, upon my vest.
—*Nov. 4, 1666, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

BEING come home, we to cards, till two in the morning, and drinking lamb's-wool. So to bed.

—Nov. 9, 1666, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

TO the Pope's Head, where all the Houblons were, and Dr. Croone. Dr. Croone told me, that, at the meeting at Gresham College to-night, which, it seems, they now have every Wednesday again, there was a pretty experiment of the blood of one dog let out, till he died, into the body of another on one side, while all his own run out on the other side. The first died upon the place, and the other very well, and likely to do well. This did give occasion to many pretty wishes, as of the blood of a Quaker to be let into an Archbishop, and such like; but, as Dr. Croone says, may, if it takes, be of mighty use to man's health, for the mending of bad blood by borrowing from a better body.

—Nov. 14, 1666, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

THIS noon I met with Mr. Hooke, and he tells me the dog which was filled with another dog's blood, at the College the other day, is very well, and like to be so as ever, and doubts not its being found of great use to men; and so do Dr. Whistler, who dined with us at the tavern.

—*Nov. 16, 1666, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

TO church, it being thanksgiving-day for the cessation of the plague; but, Lord! how the town do say that it is hastened before the plague is quite over, there being some people still ill of it, but only to get ground for plays to be publickly acted, which the Bishops would not suffer till the plague was over; and one would think so, by the suddenness, of the notice given of the day, which was last Sunday, and the little ceremony.

—*Nov. 20, 1666, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

TILL dark at dinner, and then broke up with great pleasure, especially to myself; and they away, only Mr. Carteret and I to Gresham College, where they meet now weekly again, and here they

had good discourse how this late experiment of the dog, which is in perfect good health, may be improved for good uses to men.

—*Nov. 28, 1666, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

I THIS morning did buy me a pair of green spectacles, to see whether they will help my eyes or no.

—*Dec. 24, 1666, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

MY wife up, and with Mrs. Pen to walk in the fields to frost-bite themselves.

—*Jan. 2, 1666–67, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

MY Lady Batten home, her ague-fit coming on her at table.

—*Jan. 4, 1666–67, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

HERE I hear from Mr. Hayes that Prince Rupert is very bad still, and so bad, that he do now yield to be trepanned.

—Jan. 28, 1666–67, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

LORD'S Day.—To White Hall, and there to Sir W. Coventry's chamber, and there staid till he was ready, talking, and among other things of the Prince being trepanned, which was in doing just as we passed through the Stone Gallery, we asking at the door of his lodgings, and were told so. We are full of wishes for the good success; though I dare say but few do really concern ourselves for him in our hearts. With others into the House, and there hear that the work is done to the Prince in a few minutes without any pain at all to him, he not knowing when it was done. It was performed by Moulins. Having cut the outward table, as they call it, they find the inner all corrupted, so as it come out without any force; and their fear is, that the whole inside of his head is corrupted like that, which do yet make them afraid of him; but no ill accident appeared in the doing of the thing, but all with all imaginable suc-

cess, as Sir Alexander Frazier did tell me himself, I asking him, who is very kind to me.

—Feb. 3, 1666–67, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

HEARD this morning that the Prince is much better, and hath good rest.

—Feb. 5, 1666–67, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

MR. Holliard dined with us, and pleasant company he is. I love his company, and he secures me against ever having the stone again.

—Feb. 28, 1666–67, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

I MET with a sad letter from my brother, who tells me my mother is declared by the doctors to be past recovery, and that my father is also very ill: so that I fear we shall see a sudden change there. God fit them and us for it!

—March 20, 1667, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

I HAVE cause to be joyful this day, for my being cut of the stone this day nine years. The condition I am in, in reference to my mother, makes it unfit for me to keep my usual feast.

—March 26, 1667, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

THIS day I saw Prince Rupert abroad in the Vane-Room, pretty well as he used to be, and looks as well, only something appears to be under his periwigg on the crown of his head.

—April 3, 1667, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

ONE at the table told an odd passage in this late plague: that at Petersfield, I think, he said, one side of the street had every house almost infected through the town, and the other, not one shut up.

—April 4, 1667, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

TO the King's little chapel; and afterwards to see the King heal the King's Evil, wherein no pleasure, I having seen it before.

—*April 10, 1667, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

I HEAR that the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke of York's son, is very sick; and my Lord Treasurer very bad of the stone, and hath been so some days.

—*April 29, 1667, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

SIR John Winter to discourse with me about the forest of Deane, and then about my Lord Treasurer, and asking me whether, as he had heard, I had not been cut for the stone, I took him to my closet, and there showed it to him, of which he took the dimensions, and I believe will show my Lord Treasurer it. I met with Mr. Pierce and he tells me the Duke of Cambridge is very ill and full of spots about his body, that Dr. Frazier knows not what to think of it.

—*April 30, 1667, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

AMONG other things, we had a proposition of Mr. Pierce's, for being continued in pay, or something done for him, in reward of his pains as Chyrurgeon-Generall; forasmuch as Troutbecke, that was never a doctor before, hath got £200 a year settled on him for nothing but that one voyage with the Duke of Albemarle.

—May 3, 1667, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

GREAT talk of the good end that my Lord Treasurer made; closing his own eyes, and wetting his mouth, and bidding adieu with the greatest content and freedom in the world: and is said to die with the cleanest hands that ever any Lord Treasurer did.

—May 19, 1667, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

MY wife away down with Jane and W. Hewer to Woolwich, in order to a little ayre and to lie there to-night, and so to gather May-dew to-morrow morning, which Mrs. Turner hath taught her is the only thing in the world to wash her face with; and I am contented with it.

—May 28, 1667, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

THE Duchess hath been a good, comely woman; but her dress so antick, and her deportment so ordinary, that I do not like her at all, nor do I hear her say anything that was worth hearing, but that she was full of admiration, all admiration. Several fine experiments were shown her of colours, loadstones, microscopes, and of liquors: among others, of one that did, while she was there, turn a piece of roasted mutton into pure blood, which was very rare.

—May 30, 1667, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

LORD'S Day.—Being weary and almost blind with writing and reading so much to-day, I took boat, and up the river all alone as high as Putney almost, and then back again, all the way reading, and finishing Mr. Boyle's book of Colours, which is so chymical, that I can understand but little of it, but enough to see that he is a most excellent man.

—June 2, 1667, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

AND Pelling, the Potticary, tells me the world says all over, that less charge than what the kingdom is put to, of one kind or other, by this business, would have set out all our great ships.

—June 14, 1667, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

HOME, and there find my wife making of tea; a drink which Mr. Pelling, the Potticary, tells her is good for her cold and defluxions.

—June 28, 1667, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

TO Charing Cross, there to see the great boy and girle that are lately come out of Ireland, the latter eight, the former but four years old, of most prodigious bigness for their age. I tried to weigh them in my arms, and find them twice as heavy as people almost twice their age; and yet I am apt to believe they are very young. Their father a little sorry fellow, and their mother an old Irish woman. They have had four children of this bigness, and four of ordinary growth, whereof two of each are dead. If, as my Lord Ormond certifies, it be true that they are no older, it is very monstrous.

—July 8, 1667, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

THE country very fine, only the way very dusty. To Epsom by eight o'clock, to the well; where much company, and I drank the water: they did not, but I did drink four pints.

—*July 14, 1667, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

AT last got out of the wood again; and I, by leaping down the little bank, coming out of the wood, did sprain my right foot, which brought me great present pain, but presently, with walking, it went away for the present, and so the women and W. Hewer and I walked upon the Downes, where a flock of sheep was; and the most pleasant and innocent sight that ever I saw in my life.

—*July 14, 1667, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

ANON it grew dark, and we had the pleasure to see several glow-wormes, which was mighty pretty, but my foot begins more and more to pain me, which Mrs. Turner, by keeping her warm hand upon it, did much ease; but so that when we come home, which was just at eleven at night, I was not able to walk from the lane's end to my house

without being helped. So to bed, and there had a cere-cloth laid to my foot, but in great pain all night long.

—*July 14, 1667, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

I WAS not able to go to-day to wait on the Duke of York with my fellows, but was forced in bed to write out particulars for their discourse there. Anon comes Mrs. Turner, and new-dressed my foot, and did it so, that I was at much ease presently.

—*July 15, 1667, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

TOWARDS the 'Change, at noon, in my way observing my mistake yesterday in Mark Lane, that the woman I saw was not the pretty woman I meant, the line-maker's wife, but a new-married woman, very pretty, a strong-water seller.

—*July 20, 1667, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

ABOUT five o'clock down to Gravesend, all the way with extraordinary content reading of Boyle's Hydrostatickes, which the more I read and understand, the more I admire, as a most excellent piece of philosophy.

—*July 24, 1667, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

LORD'S Day.—Up by four o'clock, and ready, with Mrs. Turner, to take coach before five; and set on our journey, and got to the Wells at Barnett by seven o'clock, and there found many people a-drinking; but the morning is a very cold morning, so as we were very cold all the way in the coach. Here we met Joseph Batelier and W. Hewer also, and his uncle Steventon: so, after drinking three glasses and the women nothing, we back by coach to Barnett.

—*Aug. 11, 1667, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

TOOK coach and home, and there took up my wife, and to Islington. Between that and Kingsland, there happened an odd adventure: one of our coach-horses fell sick of the staggers, so as

he was ready to fall down. The coachman was fain to 'light, and hold him up, and cut his tongue to make him bleed, and his tail: then he blew some tobacco in his nose, upon which the horse sneezed, and, by and by, grew well, and drew us all the rest of our way, as well as ever he did.

—Aug. 18, 1667, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

LORD'S Day.—Up, and betimes by water from the Tower, and called at the Old Swan for a glass of strong water.

—Sept. 1, 1667, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

FROM him I went to see a great match at tennis, between Prince Rupert and one Captain Cooke against Bab. May and the elder Chichly; where the King was, and Court; and it seems they are the best players at tennis in the nation. But this puts me in mind of what I observed in the morning, that the King, playing at tennis, had a steele-yard carried to him; and I was told it was to weigh him after he had done playing; and at noon Mr. Ashburnham told me that it is only the King's

curiosity, which he usually hath of weighing himself before and after his play, to see how much he loses in weight by playing: and this day he lost four and one-half pounds.

—*Sept. 2, 1667, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

AND so to a private house, and sent for a side of pig, and eat it at an acquaintance of W. Hewer's, where there was some learned physic and chymical books, and, among others, a natural "Herball" very fine.

—*Sept. 4, 1667, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

I TO the King's playhouse, my eyes being so bad since last night's straining of them, that I am hardly able to see, besides the pain which I have in them.

—*Sept. 25, 1667, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

AT home we find that Sir W. Batten's body was to--day carried from hence, with a hundred or two of coaches, to Walthamstow, and there buried.

—*Oct. 12, 1667, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

IT was an odd, strange thing to observe of Mr. Andrews what a fancy he hath to raw meat, that he eats it with no pleasure unless the blood run about his chops, which it did now by a leg of mutton that was not above half boiled; but, it seems, at home all his meat is dressed so, and beef and all, and [he] eats it so at nights also.

—*Oct. 17, 1667, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

TO several places to buy a hat, and books, and neckcloths, and several errands I did before I got home, and, among others, bought me two new pair of spectacles of Turlington, who, it seems, is famous for them; and his daughter, he being out of the way, do advise me two very young sights, and that that will help me most, and promises me great ease from them, and I will try them.

—*Oct. 18, 1667, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

TO the King's playhouse, and there saw "Henry the Fourth:" and contrary to expectation, was pleased in nothing more than in Cartwright's speaking of Falstaffe's speech about "What is Honour?" The house full of Parliament-men, it being holyday with them: and it was observable how a gentleman of good habit, sitting just before us, eating of some fruit in the midst of the play, did drop down as dead, being choked; but with much ado Orange Moll did thrust her finger down his throat, and brought him to life again.

—Nov. 2, 1667, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

TO church, and thither comes Roger Pepys to our pew, and thence home to dinner, whither comes by invitation, Mr. Turner, the Minister, and my cozen Roger brought with him Jeffrys, the apothecary at Westminster, who is our kinsman, and we had much discourse of Cottinhamshire.

—Nov. 3, 1667, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

TO Turlington, the great spectacle-maker, for advice, who dissuades me from using old spectacles, but rather young ones, and do tell me that nothing can wrong my eyes more than for me to use reading-glasses, which do magnify much.

—Nov. 4, 1667, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

LORD'S Day.—To Church. Here was my Lady Batten in her mourning. To White Hall, to speak with Sir W. Coventry; and there, beyond all we looked for, do hear that the Duke of York hath got, and is full of, the small-pox; and so we to his lodgings; and there find most of the family going to St. James's, and the gallery-doors locked up, that nobody might pass to nor fro: and so a sad house, I am sorry to see. I am sad to consider the effects of his death, if he should miscarry; but Dr. Frazier tells me that he is in as good condition as a man can be in his case. The eruption appeared last night: it seems he was let blood on Friday.

—Nov. 10, 1667, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

UP, and to the Office, where sat all the morning; and there hear that the Duke of York do yet do very well with his smallpox; pray God he may continue to do so!

—Nov. 12, 1667, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

BY and by I met with Mr. Wren, who tells me that the Duke of York is in as good condition as is possible for a man, in his condition of the smallpox.

—Nov. 13, 1667, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

THENCE home, and to the Office, where about my letters, and so home to supper, and to bed, my eyes being bad again; and by this means, the nights, now-a-days, do become very long to me, longer than I can sleep out.

—Nov. 14, 1667, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

WITH Creed to a tavern, where Dean Wilkins and others: and good discourse; among the rest, of a man that is a little frantic, that hath been a kind of minister, Dr. Wilkins saying that he hath read for him in his church, that is poor and a debauched man, that the College have hired for 20s. to have some of the blood of a sheep let into his body; and it is to be done on Saturday next. They purpose to let in about twelve ounces; which, they compute, is what will be let in in a minute's time by a watch.

—Nov. 21, 1667, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

I WAS pleased to see the person who had his blood taken out. He speaks well, and did this day give the Society a relation thereof in Latin, saying that he finds himself much better since, and as a new man, but he is cracked a little in his head, though he speaks very reasonably, and very well. He had but 20s. for his suffering it, and is to have the same again tried upon him: the first sound man that ever had it tried on him in England, and but one that we hear of in France.

—Nov. 30, 1667, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

WITH Sir J. Minnes to the Duke of York, the first time that I have seen him, or we waited on him, since his sickness; and, blessed be God! he is not at all the worse for the smallpox, but is only a little weak yet.

—Dec. 6, 1667, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

COMES news from Kate Joyce that, if I would see her husband alive, I must come presently. So I to him, and find his breath rattled in the throat; and they did lay pigeons to his feet, and all despair of him. It seems, on Thursday last, he went, sober and quiet, to Islington, and behind one of the inns, the White Lion, did fling himself into a pond: was spied by a poor woman, and got out by some people, and set on his head and got to life: and so his wife and friends sent for.

—Jan. 21, 1667–68, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

AND so thence home; and, after being at the Office, I home to supper, and to bed, my eyes being very bad again with overworking with them.

—Jan. 24, 1667–68, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

LORD'S Day.—Pegg Pen was brought to bed yesterday of a girl; and, among other things, if I have not already set it down, it hardly ever was remembered for such a season for the smallpox as these last two months have been, people being seen all up and down the streets, newly come out after the smallpox.

—Feb. 9, 1667–68, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

WITH my wife to the King's House, to see "The Virgin Martyr," the first time it hath been acted a great while: and it is mighty pleasant; not that the play is worth much, but it is finely acted by Beck Marshall. But that which did please me beyond any thing in the whole world was the wind-musick when the angel comes down, which is so sweet that it ravished me, and indeed, in a word, did wrap up my soul so that it made me really sick, just as I have formerly been when in love with my wife; that neither then, nor all the evening going home, and at home, I was able to think of any thing, but remained all night transported, so as I could not believe that ever any musick hath that real command over the soul of a man as this did upon me: and makes me resolve

to practice wind-musick, and to make my wife do the like.

—Feb. 27, 1667–68, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

BUT I full of thoughts and trouble touching the issue of this day; and, to comfort myself, did go to the Dog and drink half-a-pint of mulled sack, and in the Hall (Westminster) did drink a dram of brandy at Mrs. Hewlett's; and with the warmth of this did find myself in better order as to courage, truly.

—March 5, 1668, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

THENCE home, and there, in favour to my eyes, staid at home, reading the ridiculous History of my Lord Newcastle, wrote by his wife, which shows her to be a mad, conceited, ridiculous woman, and he an asse to suffer her to write what she writes to him, and of him. So to bed, my eyes being very bad; and I know not how in the world to abstain from reading.

—March 18, 1668, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

THIS noon, from Mrs. Williams's, my Lord Brouncker sent to Somerset House to hear how the Duchess of Richmond do; and word was brought him that she is pretty well, but mighty full of the smallpox, by which all do conclude she will be wholly spoiled, which is the greatest instance of the uncertainty of beauty that could be in this age.

—*March 26, 1668, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

THIS day, at noon, comes Mr. Pelling to me, and shows me the stone cut lately out of Sir Thomas Adams, the old comely Alderman's body, which is very large indeed, bigger I think than my fist, and weighs about twenty-five ounces: and, which is very miraculous, he never in all his life had any fit of it, but lived to a great age without pain, and died at last of something else, without any sense of this in all his life.

—*March 27, 1668, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

HERE I did see Mrs. Stewart's picture as when a young maid, and now just done before her having the smallpox: and it would make a man weep to see what she was then, and what she is like to be, by people's discourse, now.

—*March 30, 1668, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

THENCE called at my bookseller's, and took Mr. Boyle's Book of Formes, newly reprinted, and sent my brother my old one.

—*April 1, 1668, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

HERE, to my great content, I did try the use of Otacoustion, which was only a great glass bottle broke at the bottom, putting the neck to my eare, and there I did plainly hear the dancing of the oares of the boats in the Thames to Arundel gallery window, which, without it, I could not in the least do, and may, I believe, be improved to a great height, which I am mighty glad of.

—*April 2, 1668, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

I DID attend the Duke of York, and he did carry us to the King's lodgings: but he was asleep in his closet; so we stayed in the Green-Roome, where the Duke of York did tells us what rules he had, of knowing the weather, and did now tell us we should have rain before to-morrow, it having been a dry season for some time, and so it did rain all night almost; and pretty rules he hath, and told Brouncker and me some of them, which were such as no reason can readily be given for them.

—April 4, 1668, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

AND so home to the Office, ended my letters, and, to spare my eyes, home, and played on my pipes, and so to bed.

—May 2, 1668, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

THIS morning, I hear that last night Sir Thomas Teddiman, poor man! did die by a thrush in his mouth: a good man, and stout and able, and much lamented; though people do make a little mirth, and say, as I believe it did in good part, that

the business of the Parliament did break his heart, or, at least, put hmi into this fever and disorder, that caused his death.

—May 13, 1668, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

TO see Sir W. Pen, whom I find still very ill of the gout, sitting in his great chair, made on purpose for persons sick of that disease, for their ease; and this very chair, he tells me, was made for my Lady Lambert. I to drink some whey at the whey-house.

—May 27, 1668, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

THENCE to Mr. Pierce's, and there saw Knipp also, and were merry; and here saw my little Lady Katherine Montagu come to town, about her eyes, which are sore, and they think the King's evil, poor, pretty lady.

—May 30, 1668, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

AFTER coming home from the schools, I out with the landlord to Brazen-nose College to the butteries, and in the cellar find the hand of the Child of Hales, . . . long. Butler, 2s. Thence with coach and people to Physic-garden, 1s. So to Friar Bacon's study: I up and saw it, and gave the man 1s. Bottle of sack for landlord, 2s.

—*June 9, 1668, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

SATURDAY.—Up at four o'clock, being by appointment called up to the Cross Bath, where we were carried one after another, myself, and wife, and Betty Turner, Willet, and W. Hewer. And by and by, though we designed to have done, before company come, much company come; very fine ladies; and the manner pretty enough, only methinks it cannot be clean to go so many bodies together in the same water. Good conversation among them that are acquainted here, and stay together. Strange to see how hot the water is; and in some places, though this is the most temperate bath, the springs so hot as the feet not able to endure. But strange to see, when women and men here, that live all the season in these waters, cannot but be parboiled, and look like the crea-

tures of the bath! Carried away, wrapped in a sheet, and in a chair, home; and there one after another thus carried, I staying above two hours in the water, home to bed, sweating for an hour; and by and by, comes musick to play to me, extraordinary good as ever I heard at London almost, or anywhere: 5s.

—June 13, 1668, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

HOME, and there with my people to supper, all in pretty good humour, though I find my wife hath something in her gizzard, that only waits an opportunity of being provoked to bring up; but I will not, for my content-sake, give it.

—June 17, 1668, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

YESTERDAY I hear how my Lord Ashly is like to die, having some imposthume in his breast, that he hath been fain to be cut into the body.

—June 19, 1668, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

MY business was to meet Mr. Boyle, which I did, and discoursed about my eyes; and he did give me the best advice he could, but refers me to one Turberville, of Salisbury, lately come to town, who I will go to.

—June 22, 1668, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

TO Dr. Turberville about my eyes, whom I met with: and he did discourse, I thought, learnedly about them; and takes time before he did prescribe me any thing, to think of it.

—June 23, 1668, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

TO Dr. Turberville's, and there did receive a direction for some physic, and also a glass of something to drop into my eyes: he gives me hopes that I may do well.

—June 29, 1668, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

AND so, after supper, parted, and to bed, my eyes bad, but not worse, only weary with working. But, however, very melancholy under the fear of my eyes being spoiled, and not to be recovered; for I am come that I am not able to read out a small letter, and yet my sight good for the little while I can read, as ever it was, I think.

—*June 30, 1668, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

TO an alehouse: met Mr. Pierce, the surgeon, and Dr. Clerke, Waldron, Turberville, my physician for the eyes, and Lowre, to dissect several eyes of sheep and oxen, with great pleasure, and to my great information. But strange that this Turberville should be so great a man, and yet, to this day, had seen no eyes dissected, or but once, but desired this Dr. Lowre to give him the opportunity to see him dissect some.

—*July 3, 1668, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

LORD'S Day.—About four in the morning took four pills of Dr. Turberville's prescribing, for my eyes, and I did get my wife to spend the morning reading of Wilkin's Reall Character.

—*July 5, 1668, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

TO Sir W. Coventry, . . . Thence, he being to go out of town to-morrow, to drink Banbury waters, I to the Duke of York to attend him about business of the Office.

—*July 8, 1668, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

THENCE to Reeve's . . . and bespoke a little perspective, and was mightily pleased with seeing objects in a dark room.

—*July 13, 1668, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

THIS morning I was let blood, and did bleed about fourteen ounces, towards curing my eyes.

—*July 13, 1668, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

I BY water with my Lord Brouncker to Arundell House, to the Royal Society, and there saw the experiment of a dog's being tied through the back, about the spinal artery, and thereby made void of all motion; and the artery being loosened again, the dog recovers.

—*July 16, 1668, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

TO visit my Lord Crewe, who is very sick, to great danger, by an erisypelas; the first day I heard of it.

—*July 20, 1668, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

TO see my Lord Crewe, whom I find up; and did wait on him; but his face sore, but in hopes to do now very well again.

—*July 27, 1668, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

WITH Mr. Ashburnham; and I made him admire my drawing a thing presently in short-hand: but, God knows! I have paid dear for it, in my eyes.

—*July 31, 1668, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

THE month ends mighty sadly with me, my eyes being now past all use almost; and I am mighty hot upon trying the late printed experiment of paper tubes.

—*July 31, 1668, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

AT the office all the afternoon till night, being mightily pleased with a trial I have made of the use of a tube-spectacall of paper, tried with my right eye.

—*Aug. 11, 1668, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

AND then home, where the women went to the the making of my tubes.

—*Aug. 12, 1668, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

AFTER dinner to the Office, Mr. Gibson and I, to examine my letter to the Duke of York, which, to my great joy, I did very well by my paper tube, without pain to my eyes.

—*Aug. 23, 1668, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

AND at noon comes, by appointment, Harris to dine with me: and after dinner he and I to Chyurgeons'-hall, where they are building it new, very fine; and there to see their theatre, which stood all the fire, and, which was our business,

their great picture of Holben's, thinking to have bought it, by help of Mr. Pierce, for a little money: I did think to give £200 for it, it being said to be worth £1,000; but it is so spoiled that I have no mind to it, and is not a pleasant, though a good picture.

—*Aug. 29, 1668, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

AND so to see Mr. Spong, and found him out by Southampton Market, and there carried my wife, and up to his chamber, a bye place, but with a good prospect of the fields; and there I had most infinite pleasure, not only with his ingenuity in general, but in particular with his shewing me the use of the Parallelogram, by which he drew in a quarter of an hour before me, in little, from a great, a most neat map of England—that is, all the outlines, which gives me infinite pleasure, and foresight of pleasure, I shall have with it; and therefore desire to have that which I have bespoke, made. Many other pretty things he shewed us, and did give me a glass bubble, to try the strength of liquors with.

—*Dec. 9, 1668, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

W. HEWER and I went and saw the great tall woman that is to be seen, who is but twenty-one years old, and I do easily stand under her arms.

—Jan. 4, 1668–69, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

THEN down with Lord Brouncker to Sir R. Murray, into the King's little elaboratory, under his closet, a pretty place; and there saw a great many chymical glasses and things, but understood none of them.

—Jan. 15, 1668–69, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

WE HOME, and there hired my wife to make an end of Boyle's Book of Formes, to-night and to-morrow; and so fell to read and sup, and then to bed.

—Jan. 29, 1668–69, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

AND so home, and W. Batelier and Balty dined with us, and I spent all the afternoon with my wife and W. Batelier talking, and then making them read, and particularly made an end of Mr. Boyle's Book of Formes, which I am glad to have over.

—Jan. 30, 1668–69, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

LORD'S Day.—To church, and there did hear the Doctor that is lately turned Divine, Dr. Waterhouse. He preaches in a devout manner, not elegant nor very persuasive, but seems to mean well, and that he would preach holily; and was mighty passionate against people that make a scoff of religion. And, the truth is, I did observe Mrs. Hollworthy smile often, and many others of the parish, who, I perceive, have known him, and were in mighty expectation of hearing him preach, but could not forbear smiling, and she particularly on me, and I on her.

—Jan. 31, 1668–69, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

TO my wife, and in our way home did show her the tall woman, in Holborne, which I have seen before; and I measured her, and she is, without shoes, just six feet five inches high, and they say not above twenty-one years old.

—*Feb. 8, 1668–69, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

THIS morning, also going to visit Roger Pepys, at the potticary's, in King's Street, he tells me that Roger is gone to his wife's, so that they have been married, as he tells me, ever since the middle of last week.

—*Feb. 8, 1668–69, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

AND so to the Office, where busy all the afternoon, though my eyes mighty bad with the light of the candles last night, which was so great as to make my eyes sore all this day, and do teach me, by a manifest experiment, that it is only too much light that do make my eyes sore. Nevertheless, with the help of my tube, and being desirous of easing my mind of five or six days journall, I

did venture to write it down from ever since this day se'nnight, and I think without hurting my eyes any more than they were before, which was very much, and so home to supper and to bed.

—Feb. 16, 1668–69, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

BUT I like no play here so well as at the common playhouse; besides that, my eyes being very ill since last Sunday and this day se'nnight, I was in mighty pain to defend myself now from the light of the candles.

—Feb. 22, 1668–69, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

MY wife and I out by hackney-coach, and spent the afternoon in several places, doing several things at the 'Change and elsewhere against to-morrow; and, among others, I did bring home a piece of my face cast in plaister, for to make a vizard upon, for my eyes.

—March 1, 1669, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

THERE my wife to read to me, my eyes being sensibly hurt by the two great lights of the playhouse.

—*March 8, 1669, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

THE. was let blood to-day.

—*March 9, 1669, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

HERE met my cozen Roger and his wife, and my cozen Turner, and here, which I never did before, I drank a glass, of a pint, I believe, at one draught, of the juice of oranges, of whose peel they make comfits; and here they drink the juice as wine, with sugar, and it is very fine drink; but, it being new, I was doubtful whether it might not do me hurt.

—*March 9, 1669, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

MY wife and Jane gone abroad, and Tom, in order to their buying of things for their wedding, which, upon my discourse last night, is

now resolved to be done, upon the 26th of this month, the day of my solemnity for my cutting of the stone, when my cozen Turner must be with us.

—*March 16, 1669, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

PELLING comes to see and sup with us, and I find that he is assisting to my wife in getting a licence to our young people to be married this Lent, which is resolved shall be done upon Friday next, my great day, or feast, for my being cut of the stone.

—*March 21, 1669, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

TOM and Jane being to have been married this day, it being also my feast for my being cut of the stone, but how many years I do not remember, but I think it to be about ten or eleven.

—*March 26, 1669, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

AND so, that being done, and my Journal writ, my eyes being very bad, and every day worse and worse, I fear: but I find it most certain that stronge drinks do make my eyes sore, as they have done heretofore always; for, when I was in the country, when my eyes were at the best, their stronge beere would make my eyes sore; so home to supper, and by and by to bed.

—March 28, 1669, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

THIS night I did bring home from the King's pottecary's, in White Hall, by Mr. Cooling's direction, a water that he says is mighty good for his eyes. I pray God it may do me good; but, by his description, his disease was the same as mine, and this do encourage me to use it.

—April 2, 1669, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

SO home, and so set down my Journal, with the help of my left eye through my tube, for fourteen days past; which is so much as, I hope, I shall not run in arrear again, but the badness of my eyes do force me to it.

—April 11, 1669, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

OUR family being mightily disordered by our little boy's falling sick the last night; and we fear it will prove the smallpox. At noon comes my guest, Mr. Hugh May, and with him Sir Henry Capell, my old Lord Capell's son, and Mr. Parker; and I had a pretty dinner for them.

—April 20, 1669, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

WELL pleased to-night to have Lead, the vizard-maker, bring me home my vizard, with a tube fastened in it, which, I think, will do my business, at least in a great measure, for the easing of my eyes.

—April 24, 1669, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

W. HOWE came and dined with us; and then I to my Office, he being gone, to write down my Journal for the last twelve days: and did it with the help of my vizard and tube fixed to it, and do find it mighty manageable, but how helpful to my eyes this trial will show me.

—April 25, 1669, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

AND here, understanding that the mistress of the house, an oldish woman in a hat, hath some water good for the eyes, she did dress me, making my eyes smart most horribly, and did give me a little glass of it, which I will use, and hope it will do me good.

—April 30, 1669, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

UP, and thought to have gone with Lord Brouncker to Mr. Hooke this morning betimes; but my Lord is taken ill of the gout, and says his new lodgings have infected him, he never having any symptom of it till now.

—May 5, 1669, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

UP, and to the Office, and there comes Lead to me, and at last my vizards are done, and glasses got to put in and out, as I will; and I think I have brought it to the utmost, both for easiness of using and benefit, that I can; and so I paid him 15s. for what he hath done now last, in the finishing them, and they, I hope, will do me a great deal of ease. At the Office all the morning, and this

day, the first time, did alter my side of the table, after above eight years sitting on that next the fire. But now I am not able to bear the light of the windows in my eyes, I do begin there, and I did sit with much more content than I had done on the other side for a great while, and in winter the fire will not trouble my back.

—May 8, 1669, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

BUT I have, I fear, all the content that must be received by my eyes, which are almost lost.

—May 8, 1669, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

THIS day I first left off both my waistcoats by day, and my waistcoat by night, it being very hot weather, so hot as to make me break out, here and there, in my hands, which vexes me to see, but is good for me.

—May 9, 1669, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

DINED in my wife's chamber, she being much troubled with the tooth-ake, and I staid till a surgeon of hers come, one Leeson, who had formerly drawn her mouth, and he advised her to draw it: so I to the Office, and by and by word is come that she hath drawn it, which pleased me, it being well done. So I home, to comfort her.

—*May 18, 1669, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

BY and by the Duke of York comes, and readily took me to his closet, and received my petition, and discoursed about my eyes, and pitied me, and with much kindness did give me his consent to be absent, and approved of my proposition to go into Holland to observe things there, of the Navy; but would first ask the King's leave, which He anon did, and did tell me that the King would be a good master to me, these were his words, about my eyes, and do like of my going into Holland, but do advise that nobody should know of my going thither, and that I should pretend to go into the country somewhere, which I liked well.

—*May 19, 1669, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

TO White Hall, where I attended the Duke of York, and was by him led to the King, who expressed great sense of my misfortune in my eyes, and concernment for their recovery; and accordingly signified, not only his assent to my desire therein, but commanded me to give them rest this summer, according to my late petition to the Duke of York.

—*May 24, 1669, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

UP very betimes, and continued all the morning with W. Hewer, upon examining and stating my accounts, in order to the fitting myself to go abroad beyond sea, which the ill condition of my eyes, and my neglect for a year or two hath kept me behind-hand in, and so as to render it very difficult now, and troublesome to my mind to do it; but I this day made a satisfactory entrance therein.

—*May 31, 1669, Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

AND thus ends all that I doubt I shall ever be able to do with my own eyes in the keeping of my Journal, I being not able to do it any longer, having done now so long as to undo my eyes almost every time that I take a pen in my hand; and, therefore, whatever comes of it, I must forbear: and, therefore, resolve, from this time forward, to have it kept by my people in long-hand, and must be contented to set down no more than is fit for them and all the world to know; or, if there be anything, I must endeavour to keep a margin in my book open, to add, here and there, a note in short-hand with my own hand. And so I betake myself to that course, which is almost as much as to see myself go into my grave: for which, and all the discomforts that will accompany my being blind, the good God prepare me!

—May 31, 1669, Diary of Samuel Pepys.

JONATHAN SWIFT

1667—1745

JONATHAN SWIFT was of English descent but was born at Dublin and was educated at Trinity College, Dublin.

Swift became secretary to Sir William Temple in whose household was Esther Johnson (Swift's "Stella"). It is not known definitely whether or not Swift married his "Stella."

He went to England and was politically influential. In 1713 he became Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin.

Gulliver's Travels is Swift's great satire.

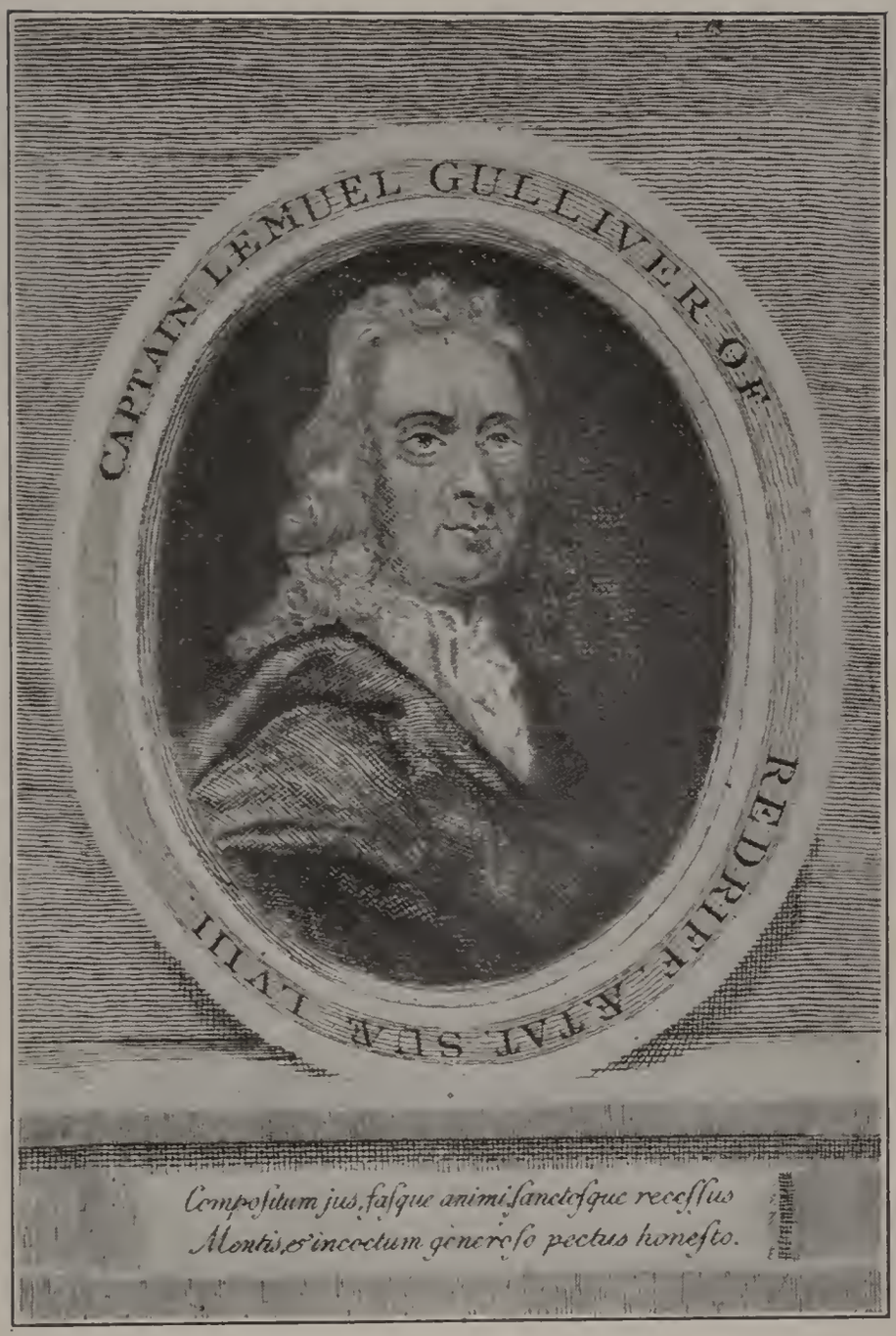
BOOKS, like men their authors, have no more than one way of coming into the world, but there are ten thousand to go out of it, and return no more.

—The Epistle Dedicatory of A Tale of A Tub, To His Royal Highness, Prince Posterity.

THERE is a problem in an ancient author why dedications and other bundles of flattery run all upon stale, musty topics without the smallest tincture of anything new; not only to the torment and nauseating of the Christian reader, but (if not suddenly prevented) to the universal spreading of that pestilent disease, the lethargy, in this island, whereas, there is very little satire which has not something in it untouched before.

—Preface to A Tale of A Tub.

FOR the materials of panegyric being very few in number, have been long since exhausted, for as health is but one thing, and has been always the same, whereas diseases are by thousands, besides new and daily additions, so all the virtues


CAPTAIN LEMUEL GULLIVER OF REDRIFF ÆTAT SUÆ LXIII
Compositum jus, fasque animi sanctosque recessus
Mentis, & incoctum generoso pectus honesto.

JONATHAN SWIFT

1667–1745

that have been ever in mankind are to be counted upon a few fingers, but his follies and vices are innumerable, and time adds hourly to the heap.

—*Preface to A Tale of A Tub.*

FOR these reasons, I suppose it is, why some have conceived it would be very expedient for the public good of learning, that every true critic, as soon as he had finished his task assigned, should immediately deliver himself up to ratsbane, or hemp, or from some convenient altitude, and that no man's pretensions to so illustrious a character should by any means be received before that operation was performed.

—*A Tale of A Tub.*

BUT, besides these omissions in Homer already mentioned, the curious reader will also observe several defects in that author's writings for which he is not altogether so accountable. For, whereas every branch of knowledge has received such wonderful acquirements since his age, especially within these last three years, or thereabouts, it is almost impossible he could be so very perfect

in modern discoveries as his advocates pretend. We freely acknowledge him to be the inventor of the compass, of gun-powder, and the circulation of the blood; but I challenge any of his admirers to show me in all his writings a complete Account of the Spleen.

—*A Tale of A Tub.*

'TIS true, there is a sort of morose, detracting, ill-bred people, who pretend utterly to disrelish these polite innovations: and as to the similitude from diet, they allow the parallel, but are so bold to pronounce the example itself a corruption and degeneracy of taste. They tell us that the fashion of jumbling fifty things together in a dish, was at first introduced in compliance to a depraved and debauched appetite, as well as to a crazy constitution; and to see a man hunting through an olio, after the head and brains of a goose, a widgeon, or a woodcock, is a sign he wants a stomach and digestion for more substantial victuals.

—*A Tale of A Tub.*

THUS far, I suppose, will easily be granted me; and then it will follow that as the face of nature never produces rain, but when it is overcast and disturbed, so human understanding, seated in the brain, must be troubled and overspread by vapours, ascending from the lower faculties, to water the invention, and render it fruitful.

—*A Tale of A Tub.*

IN the midst of all these projects and preparations, a certain state-surgeon, gathering the nature of the disease by these symptoms, attempted the cure, at one blow performed the operation, broke the bag, and out flew the vapour; nor did anything want to render it a complete remedy, only that the prince unfortunately happened to die in the performance.

—*A Tale of A Tub.*

OF this kind were Epicurus, Diogenes, Apollonius, Lucretius, Paracelsus, Descartes, and others; who, if they were now in the world, tied fast, and separate from their followers, would in

this, our undistinguishing age, incur manifest danger of phlebotomy and whips, and chains, and dark chambers and straw.

—*A Tale of A Tub.*

FOR, the brain, in its natural position and state of serenity, disposeth its owner to pass his life in the common forms, without any thought of subduing multitudes to his own power, his reasons or his visions; and the more he shapes his understanding by the pattern of human learning, the less he is inclined to form parties after his particular notions, because that instructs him in his private infirmities as well as in the stubborn ignorance of the people. But when a man's fancy gets astride on his reason, when imagination is at cuffs with the senses, and common understanding, as well as common sense, is kicked out of doors, the first proselyte he makes is himself, and when that is once compassed, the difficulty is not so great in bringing over others; a strong delusion always operating from without, as vigorously as from within. For, cant and vision are to the ear and the eye, the same that tickling is to the touch.

Those entertainments and pleasures we most value in life, are such as dupe and play the wag with the senses.

—*A Tale of A Tub.*

THUS one man choosing a proper juncture leaps into a gulf, from thence proceeds a hero, and is called the Saver of his country; another achieves the same enterprise, but unluckily timing it, has left the brand of madness fixed as a reproach upon his memory.

—*A Tale of A Tub.*

NOW, it is not well enough considered to what accidents and occasions the world is indebted for the greatest part of those noble writings, which hourly start up to entertain it. If it were not for a rainy day, a drunken vigil, a fit of the spleen, a course of physic, a sleepy Sunday, an ill run at dice, a long tailor's bill, a beggar's purse, a factious head, a hot sun, costive diet, want of books, and a just contempt of learning; but for these events, I say, and some others too long to recite (especially a prudent neglect of taking brimstone

inwardly), I doubt the number of authors and of writings would dwindle away to a degree most woful to behold.

—*A Tale of A Tub.*

IN the mean time I do here give this public notice, that my resolutions are to circumscribe within this discourse the whole stock of matter I have been so many years providing. Since my vein is once opened I am content to exhaust it all at a running, for the peculiar advantage of my dear country, and for the universal benefit of mankind.

—*A Tale of A Tub*

READERS may be divided into three classes, the superficial, the ignorant, and the learned; and I have with much felicity fitted my pen to the genius and advantage of each. The superficial reader will be strangely provoked to laughter, which clears the breast and the lungs, is sovereign against the spleen, and the most innocent of all diuretics. The ignorant reader (between whom and the former the distinction is extremely nice) will find himself disposed to stare, which is an admirable remedy for ill eyes, serves to raise and enliven

the spirits, and wonderfully helps perspiration. But the reader truly learned, chiefly for whose benefit I wake when others sleep, and sleep when others wake, will here find sufficient matter to employ his speculations for the rest of his life.

—*A Tale of A Tub.*

"GENTLEMEN," said he, "I will prove this very skin of parchment to be meat, drink, and cloth, to be the philosopher's stone, and the universal medicine." In consequence of which raptures, he resolved to make use of it in the most necessary, as well as the most paltry occasions of life. He had a way of working it into any shape he pleased; so that it served him for a nightcap when he went to bed, and for an umbrella in rainy weather. He would lap a piece of it about a sore toe, or when he had fits, burn two inches under his nose; or if anything lay heavy on his stomach, scrape off, and swallow as much of the powder as would lie on a silver penny, they were all infallible remedies.

—*A Tale of A Tub.*

BESIDES, the eyes of the understanding see best when those of the senses are out of the way, and therefore, blind men are observed to tread their steps with much more caution, and conduct, and judgment, than those who rely with too much confidence upon the virtue of the visual nerve, which every little accident shakes out of order, and a drop or a film can wholly disconcert, like a lantern among a pack of roaring bullies when they scour the streets, exposing its owner and itself to outward kicks and buffets, which both might have escaped if the vanity of appearing would have suffered them to walk in the dark.

—*A Tale of A Tub.*

HE was the first that ever found out the secret of contriving a soporiferous medicine to be conveyed in at the ears; it was a compound of sulphur and balm of Gilead, with a little pilgrim's salve.

He wore a large plaister of artificial caustics on his stomach, with the fervour of which he could set himself a-groaning, like the famous board upon application of a red-hot iron.

—*A Tale of A Tub.*

BUT now, since by the liberty and encouragement of the press, I am grown absolute master of the occasions and opportunities to expose the talents I have acquired, I already discover that the issues of my observanda begin to grow too large for the receipts. Therefore, I shall here pause awhile, till I find, by feeling the world's pulse, and my own, that it will be of absolute necessity for us both, to resume my pen.

—*A Tale of A Tub.*

THERE came a vast body of dragoons of different nations under the leading of Harvey, their great Aga, part armed with scythes, the weapons of death; part with lances and long knives, all steeped in poison; part, shot bullets of a most malignant nature, and used white powder which infallibly killed without report.

—*The Battle of the Books.*

THE army of the ancients was much fewer in number. Homer led the horse, and Pindar the light horse; Euclid was chief engineer; Plato and Aristotle commanded the bowmen; Herodotus and

Livy, the foot; Hippocrates, the dragoons. The allies, led by Vossius and Temple, brought up the rear.

—*The Battle of the Books.*

A MAN may be allowed to keep poisons in his closet, but not to vend them about for cordials.

—*Gulliver's Travels.*

THIS doctor therefore proposed, that, upon the meeting of a senate, certain physicians should attend at the three first days of their sitting, and, at the close of each day's debate, feel the pulses of every senator; after which, having maturely considered, and consulted upon the nature of the several maladies, and the methods of cure, they should on the fourth day return to the senate-house, attended by their apothecaries stored with proper medicines; and, before the members sat, administer to each of them lenitives, aperitives, abstersives, corrosives, restringents, palliatives, laxatives, cephalalgics, icterics, apophlegmatics, acoustics, as their several cases required; and, ac-

cording as these medicines should operate, repeat, alter, or admit them at the next meeting.

—*Gulliver's Travels.*

THAT wine was not imported among us from foreign countries, to supply the want of water, or other drinks, but because it was a sort of liquid which made us merry, by putting us out of our senses; diverted all melancholy thoughts, begat wild extravagant imaginations in the brain, raised our hopes, and banished our fears; suspended every office of reason for a time, and deprived us of the use of our limbs till we fell into a profound sleep; although it must be confessed, that we always awaked sick and dispirited; and that the use of this liquor filled us with diseases, which made our lives uncomfortable and short.

—*Gulliver's Travels.*

BUT, besides real diseases, we are subject to many that are only imaginary, for which the physicians have invented imaginary cures.

—*Gulliver's Travels.*

GEORGE BERKELEY

1685—1783

GEORGE BERKELEY was born in County Kilkenny, Ireland. In 1700 he entered Trinity College, Dublin, and was made a Fellow of that institution in 1707.

Berkeley became interested in a scheme for establishing a great missionary college in Bermuda with the idea of evangelizing all America. In 1728 he sailed for America going first to Rhode Island with the purpose of getting New England interested in his plan. The support which he had anticipated from home was not forthcoming and he returned home disappointed.

In 1634 he was made Bishop of Cloyne.

Berkeley wrote much of a philosophical nature. He has been referred to as a connecting link between Locke and Kant. His theory of philosophy was that the existence and nature of things was involved in or was synonymous with the perception of the things by the mind.

Of interest to physicians is the fact that his last work, Siris, while being of a philosophical character, deals with the use of tar-water as a specific in smallpox and other diseases.

Berkeley's New Theory of Vision contains passages of medical interest and illustrates his philosophy.

MY design is to show the manner wherein we perceive by sight, the distance, magnitude, and situation of *objects*. Also to consider the difference there is betwixt the *ideas* of sight and touch, and whether there be any *idea* common to both senses. In treating of all which, it seems to me, the writers of optics have proceeded on wrong principles.

—*An Essay Towards A New Theory of Vision.*

IT is, I think, agreed by all, that *distance* of itself, and immediately, cannot be seen. For *distance* being a line directed endwise to the eye, it projects only one point in the fund of the eye. Which point remains invariably the same, whether the distance be longer or shorter.

—*New Theory of Vision.*

ANY radiating point is then distinctly seen, when the rays proceeding from it are, by the refractive power of the crystalline, accurately reunited in the retina, or fund of the eye. But if they are reunited, either before they are at retina,

George Berkeley

1685–1783

or after they have passed it, then there is confused vision.

—*New Theory of Vision.*

FROM what hath been premised, it is a manifest consequence that a man born blind, being made to see, would, at first, have no idea of distance by sight; the sun and stars, the remotest objects as well as the nearer, would all seem to be in his eye, or rather in his mind. The objects intromitted by sight, would seem to him (as in truth they are) no other than a new set of thoughts or sensations, each whereof is as near to him, as the perceptions of pain or pleasure, or the most inward passions of his soul. For our judging objects perceived by sight to be at any distance, or without the mind, is entirely the effect of experience, which one in those circumstances could not yet have attained to.

—*New Theory of Vision.*

IT is indeed otherwise upon the common supposition, that men judge of distance by the angle of the optic axes, just as one in the dark, or a blind man by the angle comprehended by two sticks, one whereof he held in each hand. For if this were true, it would follow that one blind from his birth being made to see, should stand in need of no new experience, in order to perceive distance by sight. But that this is false, has, I think been sufficiently demonstrated.

—*New Theory of Vision.*

FROM what we have shown it is a manifest consequence, that the ideas of space, outness, and things placed at a distance, are not, strictly speaking, the object of sight; they are not otherwise perceived by the eye than by the ear. Sitting in my study I hear a coach drive along the street; I look through the casement and see it; I walk out and enter into it; thus, common speech would incline one to think, I heard, saw, and touched the same thing, to wit, the coach. It is nevertheless certain, the ideas intromitted by each sense are widely different, and distinct from each other; but having been observed constantly to go together, they are

spoken of as one and the same thing. By the variation of the noise I perceive the different distances of the coach, and know that it approaches before I look out. Thus by the ear I perceive distance, just after the same manner as I do by the eye.

I DO not nevertheless say, I hear distance in like manner as I say that I see it, the ideas perceived by hearing not being so apt to be confounded with the ideas of touch, as those of sight are; so likewise a man is easily convinced that bodies and external things are not properly the object of hearing, but only sounds, by the mediation whereof the idea of this or that body or distance is suggested to his thoughts. But then one is with more difficulty brought to discern the difference there is betwixt the ideas of sight and touch: though it be certain, a man no more sees or feels the same thing, than he hears and feels the same thing.

—*New Theory of Vision.*

BUT if we take a close and accurate view of things, it must be acknowledged that we never see and feel one and the same object.

—*New Theory of Vision.*

THE magnitude of the object which exists without the mind, and is at a distance, continues always invariably the same: but the visible object still changing as you approach to, or recede from the tangible object, it hath no fixed and determinate greatness. Whenever therefore we speak of the magnitude of any thing, for instance a tree or a house, we must mean the tangible magnitude; otherwise there can be nothing steady and free from ambiguity spoken of it. But though the tangible and visible magnitude in truth belong to two distinct objects, I shall nevertheless (especially since those objects are called by the same name and are observed to coexist) to avoid tediousness and singularity of speech, sometimes speak of them as belonging to one and the same thing.

—*New Theory of Vision.*

THAT the matter of fact is true, will be evident to any one, who considers that a man placed at ten foot distance, is thought as great, as if he were placed at the distance of only five foot: which is true, not with relation to the visible, but tangible greatness of the object. The visible magnitude being far greater at one station than it is at the other.

—*New Theory of Vision.*

AS we see distance, so we see magnitude. And we see both, in the same way that we see shame or anger in the looks of a man. Those passions are themselves invisible: they are nevertheless let in by the eye along with colours and alterations of countenance, which are the immediate object of vision, and which signify them for no other reason, than barely because they have been observed to accompany them: without which experience, we should no more have taken blushing for a sign of shame, than of gladness.

—*New Theory of Vision.*

IT hath been already shown, that in any act of vision, the visible object absolutely, or in itself, is little taken notice of, the mind still carrying its view from that to some tangible ideas, which have been observed to be connected with it, and by that means come to be suggested by it. So that when a thing is said to appear great or small, or whatever estimate be made of the magnitude of any thing, this is meant not of the visible, but of the tangible object.

—*New Theory of Vision.*

UPON the whole, it seems that if we consider the use and end of sight, together with the present state and circumstances of our being, we shall not find any great cause to complain of any defect or imperfection in it, or easily conceive how it could be mended. With such admirable wisdom is that faculty contrived, both for the pleasure and convenience of life.

—*New Theory of Vision.*

HAVING finished what I intended to say, concerning the distance and magnitude of objects, I come now to treat of the manner wherein the mind perceives by sight their situation. Among the discoveries of the last age, it is reputed none of the least, that the manner of vision hath been more clearly explained than ever it had been before. —*New Theory of Vision.*

THERE is, at this day, no one ignorant, that the pictures of external objects are painted on the *retina,* or fund of the eye. That we can see nothing which is not so painted: and that, according as the picture is more distinct or confused, so also is the perception we have of the object: but then in this explication of vision, there occurs one mighty difficulty. The objects are painted in an inverted order on the bottom of the eye: the upper part of any object being painted on the lower part of the eye, and the lower part of the object on the upper part of the eye: and so also as to right and left. Since therefore the pictures are thus inverted, it is demanded how it comes to pass, that we see the objects erect and in their natural posture?

—*New Theory of Vision.*

IN order to disentangle our minds from whatever prejudices we may entertain with relation to the subject in hand, nothing seems more apposite, than the taking into our thoughts the case of one born blind, and afterwards, when grown up, made to see. And though perhaps it may not be an easy task to divest ourselves entirely of the experience received from sight, so as to be able to put our thoughts exactly in the posture of such a one's: we must nevertheless, as far as possible, endeavour to frame conceptions of what might reasonably be supposed to pass in his mind.

—*New Theory of Vision.*

IT is certain that a man actually blind, and who had continued so from his birth, would by the sense of feeling attain to have ideas of upper and lower. By the motion of his hand he might discern the situation of any tangible object placed within his reach. That part on which he felt himself supported, or towards which he perceived his body to gravitate, he would term lower, and the contrary to this upper; and accordingly denominate whatsoever objects he touched.

—*New Theory of Vision.*

FURTHER, when he has by experience learned the connexion there is between the several ideas of sight and touch, he will be able, by the perception he has of the situation of visible things in respect of one another, to make a sudden and true estimation of the situation of outward, tangible things corresponding to them. And thus it is, he shall perceive by sight the situation of external objects, which do not properly fall under that sense.

—*New Theory of Vision.*

THAT which I see is only variety of light and colours. That which I feel is hard or soft, hot or cold, rough or smooth. What similitude, what connexion have those ideas with these? Or how is it possible, that any one should see reason to give one and the same name to combinations of ideas so very different before he had experienced their co-existence? We do not find there is any necessary connexion betwixt this or that tangible quality, and any colour whatsoever. And we may sometimes perceive colours, where there is nothing to be felt. All which doth make it manifest that no man, at first receiving of his sight, would know

there was any agreement between this or that particular object of his sight, and any object of touch he had been already acquainted with: the colours therefore of the head, would to him no more suggest the idea of head, than they would the idea of foot.

—*New Theory of Vision.*

FROM all which laid together and duly considered, we may clearly deduce this inference. In the first act of vision, no idea entering by the eye would have a perceivable connexion with the ideas to which the names earth, man, head, foot, &c., were annexed in the understanding of a person blind from his birth; so as in any sort to introduce them into his mind, or make themselves be called by the same names, and reputed the same things with them, as afterwards they come to be.

—*New Theory of Vision.*

THE truth is, the things I see are so very different and heterogeneous from the things I feel, that the perception of the one would never have

suggested the other to my thoughts, or enabled me to pass the least judgment thereon, until I had experienced their connexion.

—*New Theory of Vision.*

FROM what hath been premised, it is plain the objects of sight and touch make, if I may so say, two sets of ideas which are widely different from each other . . .

The two distinct provinces of sight and touch should be considered apart, and as if their objects had no intercourse, no manner of relation to one another, in point of distance or position.

—*New Theory of Vision.*

IT having been shown, that there are no abstract ideas of figure, and that it is impossible for us, by any precision of thought, to frame an idea of extension separate from all other visible and tangible qualities, which shall be common both to sight and touch: the question now remaining is, whether the particular extensions, figures, and motions, perceived by sight be of the same kind,

with the particular extensions, figures, and motions, perceived by touch. In answer to which, I shall venture to lay down the following proposition: *The extension, figures, and motions perceived by sight are specifically distinct from the ideas of touch, called by the same names, nor is there any such thing as one idea or kind of idea common to both senses.*

—*New Theory of Vision.*

ALL that is properly perceived by the visive faculty amounts to no more than colours with their variations, and different proportions of light and shade.

—*New Theory of Vision.*

LAURENCE STERNE

1713—1768

LAURENCE STERNE was born in Ireland. He took holy orders and was appointed perpetual curate of Coxwold.

Sterne wrote *A Political Romance* and *Tristram Shandy.*

A Sentimental Journey Through France and Italy was published in February, 1768.

WHEN man is at peace with man, how much lighter than a feather is the heaviest of metals in his hand! he pulls out his purse, and holding it airily and uncompress'd, looks round him, as if he sought an object to share it with.—In doing this, I felt every vessel in my frame dilate—the arteries beat all chearily together, and every power which sustained life, performed it with so little friction, that 'twould have confounded the most *physical precieuse* in France: with all her materialism, she could scarce have called me a machine.

—*Sentimental Journey.*

THE dose was made up exactly after my own prescription; so I could not help taking it.

—*Sentimental Journey.*

AND as for the Bastile; . . . Mercy on the gouty! for they are in it twice a year.

—*Sentimental Journey.*

1713–1768

THE learned SMELFUNGUS travelled from Boulogne to Paris—from Paris to Rome—and so on—but he set out with the spleen and jaundice, and every object he pass'd by was discoloured or distorted—He wrote an account of them, but 'twas nothing but the account of his miserable feelings.

—*Sentimental Journey.*

NO pharmacopolist could sell one grain of hellebore—not a single armourer had a heart to forge one instrument of death—Friendship and Virtue met together, and kiss'd each other in the street—the golden age returned, and hung over the town of Abdera.

—*Sentimental Journey.*

A HEART at ease, Yorick, flies into no extremes—'tis ever on its center.

—*Sentimental Journey.*

I STEPPED hastily after him: it was the very man whose success in asking charity of the women before the door of the hotel had so puzzled me—and I found at once his secret, or at least the basis of it—'twas flattery.

Delicious essence! how refreshing art thou to nature! how strongly are all its powers and all its weaknesses on thy side! how sweetly dost thou mix with the blood, and help it through the most difficult and tortuous passages to the heart!

—*Sentimental Journey.*

DEAR Sensibility! . . . Touch'd with thee Eugenius draws my curtain when I languish—hears my tale of symptoms, and blames the weather for the disorder of his nerves.

—*Sentimental Journey.*

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